

THE MAGAZINE

Elks



David Berger



YOUR RED CROSS NEEDS YOU!

A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

HELLO, AMERICANS!

My messages to you during the last several months have been concerned frequently with discussion of the probability of war, and more recently, with the actuality of the United States in world-wide conflict and how we, as Elks, should conduct ourselves and our great Order under these pressing circumstances. The need for our aid is greater now than ever before, yet as war casts its shadow over the world, we know that it is vitally necessary to carry forward those fundamental activities that engaged much of our energies in times of peace.

As you know, new officers and committeemen of all subordinate lodges of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks assume their duties at the first meeting in April, and I cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing my sincere thanks to the retiring officers and committee members for their spirited cooperation during the year. To those who have served their terms with fidelity and in a spirit of fraternal helpfulness, I express my gratitude for their participation in and successful prosecution of the "October Round-Up", the "Keep 'Em Flying" program, and the initiation of the magnificent "I Am An American" class. To them I also extend profound thanks for the spontaneous and enthusiastic response to the request I made at Philadelphia that they speed and amplify the purchase of United States defense bonds and stamps. For their participation in "Win the War Week" in March, and inducting the inspiring "Win the War" class, I am also extremely grateful. I wish it were possible to emblazon the name of each faithful officer and committeeman on this page in recognition of distinguished service ably and willingly performed. Although this is impossible, I know that in the heart of every Elk there is a warming consciousness of duty well done.

Yet, as I express sincere appreciation to those whose terms of service are concluded, I wish to place the torch in other hands—in the hands of the new officers and committeemen—that they may carry on their important tasks with equal, even increased intensity. I urge you to begin your program at once; throw your fresh energies into the many activities of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and, inspired by the example of your predecessors, scale new heights of achievement.

When I pass the banner on to my successor at Omaha, Nebraska, a few months hence, I want him to find our gonfalon unfurled and flying purposefully in the cause of charity, justice, brotherly love and fidelity, over a membership zealously practicing the principles of the Golden Rule, espousing the protection of womanhood, and furthering the cause of American patriotism. It is my fervent desire that the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler will find the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks proceeding full speed ahead. It is the concern of new officers and committeemen of subordinate lodges, as well as myself, that this condition obtain in July.

I stress the importance of planning well in advance to attend the Convention in Omaha. According to the statutes of the Grand Lodge, it is mandatory that every subordinate lodge be represented at this Convention, but far and above this statutory provision is the satisfaction that comes from participation in the national councils of our great Brotherhood. The Omaha Convention will be the scene of momentous decisions vitally affecting the Order and your lodge, and it is imperative that



W. T. Hoff from Atlas Photos

there be full representation of all lodges at the business sessions of the Grand Lodge. This War Convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks will take historic steps that will exert their influence on the affairs of our Fraternity for a long time.

As your Grand Exalted Ruler I urge you to take these matters to heart. Elks have never let their Order or their country down, and they never will. From the stress of these times and the searing fires of war emergency will emerge a greater and more forceful brotherhood than at any other time in our history. These are our days of trial and testing, when the best in Elkdom will rise to the top to meet emergencies and conditions for which our principles and ideals so blessedly equip us.

With fraternal greetings to all,

John B. O'Connell
GRAND EXALTED RULER



THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . . ."—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

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IN THIS ISSUE We Present—

WILL F. JENKINS, author of "Tank Four", lives in Virginia in a house built before the Revolution. He says that it has been falling down ever since. Among his assistants in bolstering this mansion are a wife and four daughters. They must stick together because, as they know only too well, a house divided will fall. Will, a World War I veteran, participated in an unusually abortive Central American revolution before settling down. He has written "more stories than he cares to remember and a number of books that everyone has agreed to forget". This is one story he will remember and we'll not forget.

"Shadows in the Pool" is the work of Jim Kjelgaard who had killed his first buck, trapped his first fox and caught his first trout not long after he stopped wearing triangular pants.

His love of "the great outdoors" was only increased by an experience he had while fishing the Wolf River in Wisconsin. He admired the casting of the person fishing ahead of him. The person turned out to be a girl; a few months later Jim married her.

Fairfax Downey, in "Guns and the Wind", tells the story of the rout of the German navy a half century ago at Samoa. Rear Admiral Richard P. Leary, then a Commander, captained the principal ship in this engagement. Today, the commander of the United Nations naval forces in the Australia-New Zealand area is his son, Vice-Admiral Herbert F. Leary. Mr. D's article will remind us all that we have a navy with traditions for bravery and boldness unsurpassed.

Wyatt Blassingame is with us again with "One if by land—", an amusing tale of commercial fishermen and fishing guides on the West coast of Florida. Of course, there is a very pretty girl involved.

In addition to our regular features: Harry Hansen's "What America Is Reading", "Rod and Gun" by Ray Trullinger, "In the Doghouse" with Ed Faust and Mr. Frank's word picture of a sports personality, we have a short-short.

Alan Anderson, who wrote "Scalp Treatment", studied to be a broker, but when he graduated in 1930 from the University of Pennsylvania he found that brokers were broker and whiling away their time doing crossword puzzles. Mr. Anderson loved to play with words but not in the back pages of the daily papers. He began, instead, to put one little word after another and has been successful. He lives in a cottage outside of Philadelphia and we'll bet does the crossword puzzles every evening.

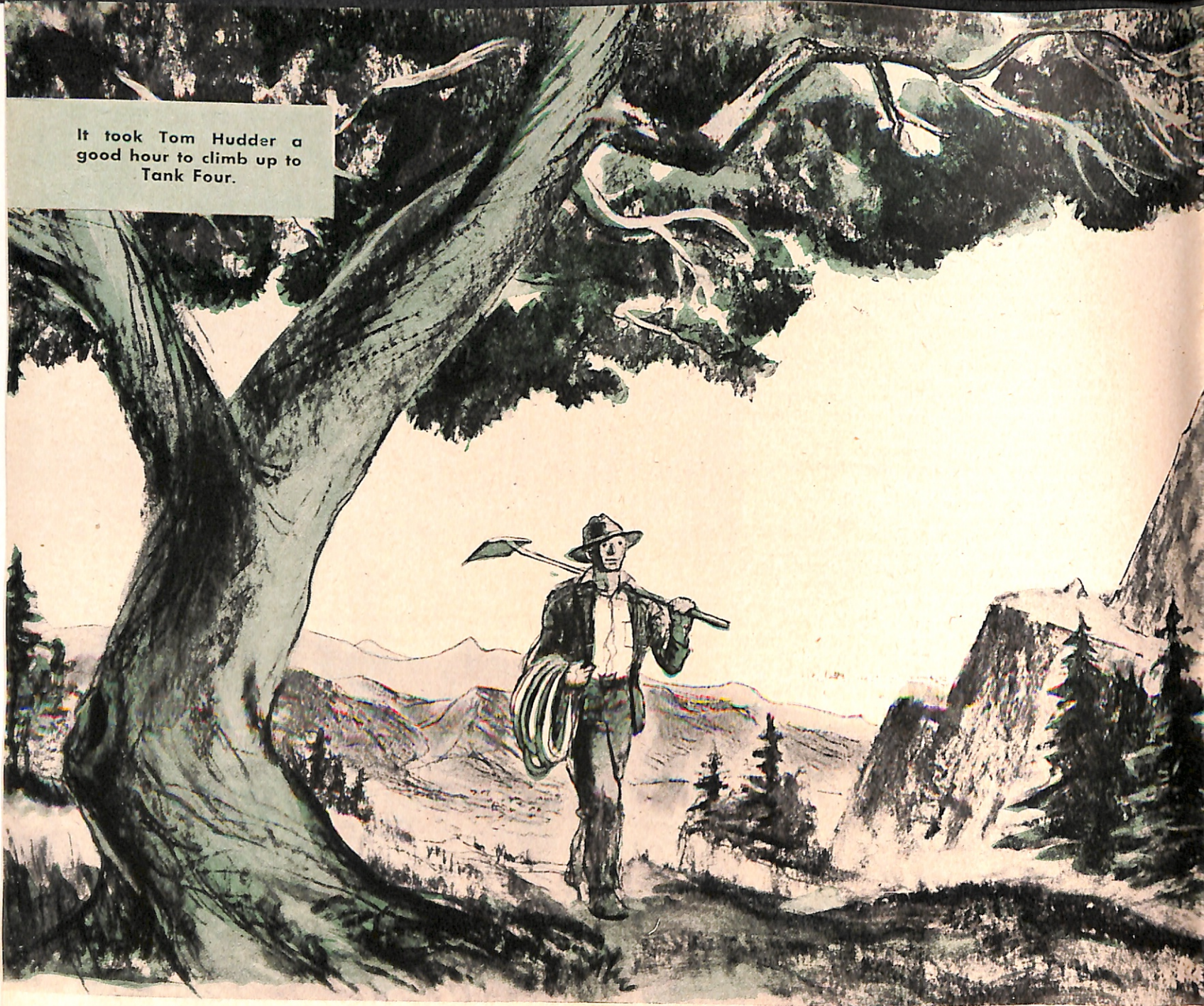
He has one ambition: to tour the country in a trailer—a simple wish a year ago but the stuff of which dreams are made today.

F. R. A.

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It took Tom Hudder a good hour to climb up to Tank Four.



TANK FOUR

BY
WILL F. JENKINS

IT TOOK Tom Hudder a good hour to climb up to Tank Four. It was summer, and the mountainsides were green, and in sheltered spots along the trail the sunlight was blisteringly hot. Besides, he was carrying a knotted rope and a long-handled shovel. He took it leisurely, though. The valley below him seemed to shimmer a little in the bright light of a summer day. The distant mountains seemed to reach upward into regions of astonishing cold. He could see snow-sheets on the peaks; glaciers; frozen expanses of glittering

white. Up above on this same mountain there was snow all summer long, too. That was where the water came from. But Tom Hudder wouldn't go that far. Only up to Tank Four, trained from the pipeline below, to shovel sediment into the steeply slanting standpipe, blow it out, close the valve, and go leisurely back down in time to punch the time-clock "out" for a full day's pay.

It was the sort of job he liked. One didn't often have snap jobs like this. Maintenance of a high-pressure line to a Pelton-wheel generat-

ing plant is mostly hard work. This was a routine job, an easy job, and it called for no haste. He'd make a day of it.

He saw a squirrel whisk around a tree-bole as he trudged upward. Small motes hummed, or buzzed, or flew soundlessly about him where the trail beside the pipeline led upward through thick brush and small timber. He heard a rustling among fallen leaves to his right. Somewhere there was a scolding noise—a cat-bird violently upbraiding some unseen other creature. Tree leaves



A man and a wet, little squirrel help to save each other's lives.

was empty now, drained of its water by the drain-cock down in the valley. But there was a pit where water still stood. It was the top of the standpipe, four feet in diameter. On a low-level water-tower the standpipe would go down straight, and sediment would settle in it, and from time to time be flushed out simply by opening the big blow-out cock at the bottom. Here the standpipe went down at a steep slant, with the supply-pipe in its center. Sediment did gather in the standpipe, but Tank Four was one of a group of very minor reservoirs which supplied high-pressure water for a power plant. It had more capacity than a small-town water-tower. The stream that filled it flowed in at one side, a bare five hundred gallons a minute, but its sediment would not all settle automatically for disposal. The floor space was too great. It was Tom Hudder's task today to shovel the misplaced sediment into the standpipe pit—or the sediment pit—then climb out, go down to the blow-out cock, and blow it out. To blow it adequately would need more than the volume of water the standpipe held, though, so at a little past noon the drainage-cock in the valley would be closed. The tank would start to fill. Tom Hudder would wait, smoking comfortably, until a sufficient quantity of water had accumulated. Then he'd finish the job and return to the valley. It was that peaceful interval when he would draw full pay for waiting which filled him with contented anticipation.

He surveyed the tank with satisfaction. Where the sun struck, the walls were already dry. Elsewhere they were only damp. There were twin, reddish rust-streaks where a metal ladder for descent to the tank's floor had been anchored in the concrete. It had rusted out years back, and it was on the list of repairs to be made, but the ladder was needed exactly twice a year and hadn't been gotten around to yet. Its only use was for descent to the tank's floor when sediment had to be shoveled out—as now. Today there were two inches of soft mud, most places. Nowhere more than four. Around the pit there was none at all.

Tom Hudder slung his knotted rope and the shovel to the ground, took a hitch of the rope around the nearest post of the fence that guarded the tank against drowning wild creatures, and looped the rope in the end of the shovel. He lowered it into the tank, hung his coat on the fence-post, made sure his lunch was safely in his pocket, and swung down by the rope. It was awkward getting started, because the fence-post was back from the edge of the tank, and the rope lay flat on the ground. Once he was over the edge, though,

he had no trouble. He held himself away from the concrete wall with his feet, and reached the tank floor in a very few seconds.

There was a tiny scurrying off at one side. He looked, startled. A squirrel. It must have jumped or fallen from the edge since the tank was drained, or of course it would have drowned. It must, too, have struck in soft mud, or it would have been killed by the fall of twenty feet and more. Tom Hudder looked. He saw where the squirrel had landed in a sort of dune of mud, not far from the place where the entering stream now struck the bottom of the tank and ran on down to the exit-pipe. The squirrel had floundered clear and now ran helplessly along the farther wall of the pit-bottom, looking hopefully for some place by which it could climb out.

"Try the rope, fella," said Tom Hudder humorously.

He began his task. A scraping sweep of the shovel along the floor to where the stream ran down the center. He shoveled the sediment into that stream. It washed away, as mud, and went into the standpipe pit. He scraped and scraped. One-quarter of the floor clean. It was hot down here in the tank, with mountain sunlight pouring in and no trace of breeze stirring. He paused and stripped off his shirt. He drank from the in-pouring stream. The water was cold, clear, infinitely refreshing. He splashed some on his flesh. It was invigorating. He went back to his work. Half the job done. He was hungry. Not noon yet, most likely, but he was his own boss for the day. He leaned his shovel against the tank wall and sat down on a part of the floor where the sun had dried the concrete. He ate, leisurely.

rustled. There was a faint, deep-toned, booming sound, so faint as only occasionally to be audible, which was wind sweeping across open spaces. But where the half-obliterated trail followed the pipeline, there was no wind at all. Midges danced in clouds. Once Tom Hudder glimpsed a rabbit, motionless, watching him incredulously.

He went on. Behind him, something which might have been an eagle went soaring away from a ledge below his present level. It sped on across the great emptiness, and dwindled and dwindled until it was merely a speck, and continued to dwindle until it ceased to be at all.

Tom Hudder went on. Another hundred feet. A hundred and fifty. Then he came to Tank Four. It was not unduly big. Merely an open concrete pit with vertical sides and a fence set six feet back from its edge on all sides. The fence was to keep wild things from falling in. The tank



Half a dozen times he noticed the squirrel trying desperately to get out of his sight. Hudder chewed on a sandwich. Presently he broke off a bit of bread and tossed it to the squirrel. The squirrel bolted, panic-stricken.

"Aw!" said Tom Hudder. "I'm not goin' to hurt you, fella! If there was two or three of you, I might think about squirrel pie. But not you by yourself." He added comfortingly, "I'll get you outa here presently."

He tossed another bit of bread. The squirrel fled again. In its terrified flight from morsels of bread that it mistook for missiles, it blundered into the edge of the five-hundred-gallon-a-minute stream that poured into Tank Four near its upper rim. It was soaked. Wet and sleek and miserable, it darted to another far corner of the pit and there tried to conceal itself where there was no concealment.

"Didn't mean to scare you, fella," said Tom Hudder. "Take the rope up. Nobody'll stop you."

The rope dangled invitingly, it seemed to the man, but the squirrel mistrusted it. Tom Hudder smoked. Presently he stood up and went back to his task. There was no point in exacting his full lunch-hour now. If he went back to work earlier, he would have more leisure later on.

The squirrel watched him with beady, wary eyes. Tom Hudder shoveled sediment into the stream that went down the middle of the tank, from where the water flowed in. The sediment, as mud, mostly settled in the standpipe. Only a very little flowed with the water down sixteen hundred feet of supply-pipe and out the drain-cock at the generating plant.

Two-thirds. Three-fourths. Seven-eighths. Then finished. The man skimmed a last few small bits of chocolate-colored substance from the concrete floor of the tank. He tossed them into the running small stream. Then he noticed that the water was already overflowing the standpipe pit.

He nodded, pleased at the accuracy of his timing. The drain-cock was closed, now, down at the plant in the valley. Tank Four would slowly fill, and it was now his task to climb out, wait a reasonable time of his own judging and then blow the standpipe clear of sediment by opening the blowout cock at its bottom.

But there was the squirrel. He regarded it humorously. It was not important, of course. The wire strainer atop the supply-pipe would keep the squirrel's drowned body from ever entering the water-supply system, to jam a Pelton-wheel nozzle with such suddenness as to split pipe by water-hammer. But the squirrel should not be in the tank. Also, Tom Hudder was naturally a kindly man. The squirrel, left in here, would find every bit of the tank's floor flooded, and then the water would rise, and presently it would swim helplessly, clawing at the concrete walls in a hopeless effort to find a foothold.

And at long last it would be a dead, small, furry object, and there would be no point to it.

Tom Hudder said soothingly, "I'm goin' to catch you an' put you up on top, see? Come on, fella, have a bite to eat!"

He advanced toward the squirrel. The little creature darted past him as he strove to corner it. He grabbed, but futilely. The squirrel, frightened, cowered away in what was again the farthest corner of the tank. Tom Hudder advanced again, artfully making little dodges to one side and the other in order to confuse the squirrel. But the little animal was in a panic now. It fled in blind terror, straight-away, and Tom Hudder's clutching fingers missed it by feet.

It made crazy, frantic dashes here and there about the bottom of the tank, trying hysterically to find an escape now, in moments, which hours of search had previously failed to discover. It was never still for an instant, and all ideas of cornering it were plainly useless.

But the water spread from the standpipe pit. There were five hundred gallons a minute pouring in, and none pouring out. Tom Hudder remembered his shirt. He picked it up and hung it over the slanting shovel-handle, leaning against the wall. The water ran over the last space of floor with a sort of triumphant, quicksilverlike glitter. The tank should fill in about eight hours, with no withdrawal. That would be about one foot in twenty minutes. Now that the floor was covered, in a very little while the squirrel would be unable to run.

In five minutes it swam desperately. Tom Hudder strode over to it and plucked it from the water with a firm thumb and forefinger.

"I said I'd get you!" he said triumphantly. "Calm down, fella! I'll turn y'loose up at the top."

The squirrel had given one tiny, despairing squeal as the fingers of the human giant closed upon it. Now it trembled in his grasp, utterly paralyzed by terror.

"In m'pocket, see?" said Tom Hudder humorously. "Then I climb up an' turn you loose, like I said. But if you bite me, fella, I'll smack you down!"

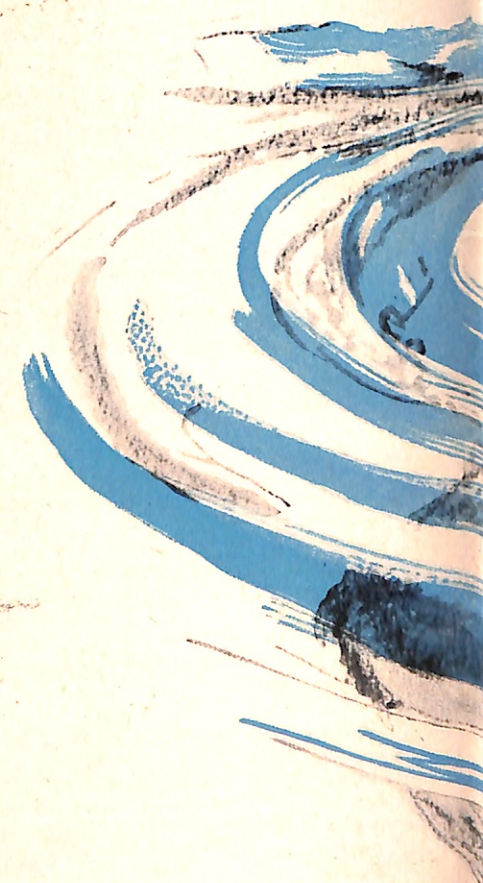
He thrust the trembling, saturated, small creature into his pocket, swung his shirt over his shoulder, thoughtfully looped the dangling end of the rope in the shovel so he could haul it up without mishap, and essayed to climb up.

He was three feet from the floor and progressing in a series of jerking struggles upward, when he felt the rope give. He had fastened it with a couple of half-hitches over the top of one of the fence-posts, six feet back from the tank's edge. Now he felt a sickening yielding of the post. Down the rope came snapping sensations. The rope gave, and came toward him. Five—six inches. A foot and more.

He stood in six inches of water, staring blankly upward. He'd slid

back down when the rope began to give. He pulled again at the rope, experimentally. It came toward him and, as he slackened, pulled back again. He could visualize what had taken place above with an amazing precision and detail. The wooden fence-post had been attacked by rot and insects. The part underground was practically gone. When he descended, the post had been strong enough to hold him, because he had descended smoothly. The inevitable jerks of climbing, however, had broken it. The post to which his rope was tied now bent in toward the pit which was Tank Four. It was probably at an angle of forty-five degrees or so, held there by the wire fence it had formerly supported. That accounted for the cushioned give, and the recovery when he allowed slack.

Tom Hudder reasoned the thing out. The wire fencing should hold the fence-post, despite the fact that



It clambered to his shoulder and then struggled desperately to perch atop his head.

Illustrated by MARSHALL DAVIS

it had snapped off at ground level. It would be uneasy climbing, but—

He began to climb again. It was a queasy sensation. He felt the scraping of the rope on the concrete edge of the tank as it slid back and forth. He inched up four feet. Five. Then he felt the curious, definite vibration of a rope slipping. And then, suddenly, the rope came free.

He fell and sat down with a monstrous splash in half a foot of water at the tank-wall's base. The rope came coiling down on top of him. There was a frantic, terrified scrambling inside his pocket. He stood up, staring blankly. He had fastened the rope with hitches which made it quite secure on a fence-post at right angles to the rope's pull. But when the post bent over, the rope had slid off the top. The scrambling in his pocket was frenzied. The squirrel popped out and leaped crazily into the water. It swam frantically away from him.

Tom Hudder stared up at the

smooth, featureless concrete wall that rose twenty feet above his head. The rope lay awash in the water about his feet. He could see blue sky overhead. Infinitely blue sky. He could hear the roaring, splashing sound of the water coming into the tank. Five hundred gallons a minute. There was no way to climb the side wall. There was, of course, nobody who would be coming near Tank Four. The nearest human being was down in the valley, sixteen hundred feet below. And the tank was filling slowly. Nobody would be expecting him back at the generating-plant until quitting-time, and nobody would worry about him until tomorrow, at the earliest. Then they'd figure he'd sprained his ankle and come looking for him. But it would take the tank eight hours to fill up, and he couldn't swim for eight hours. He was in the same fix as the squirrel.

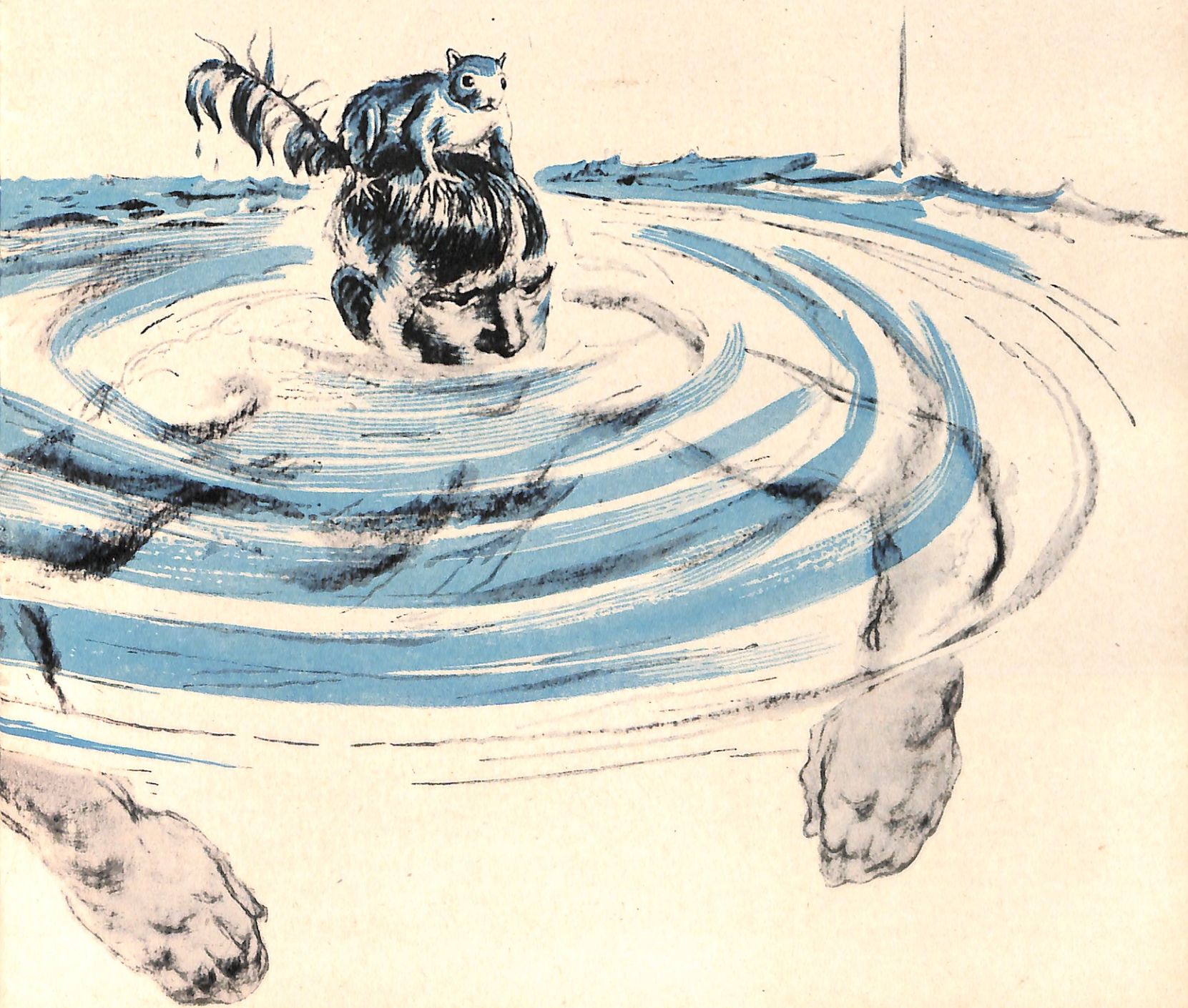
The squirrel swam despairingly, as far as possible from the man. It

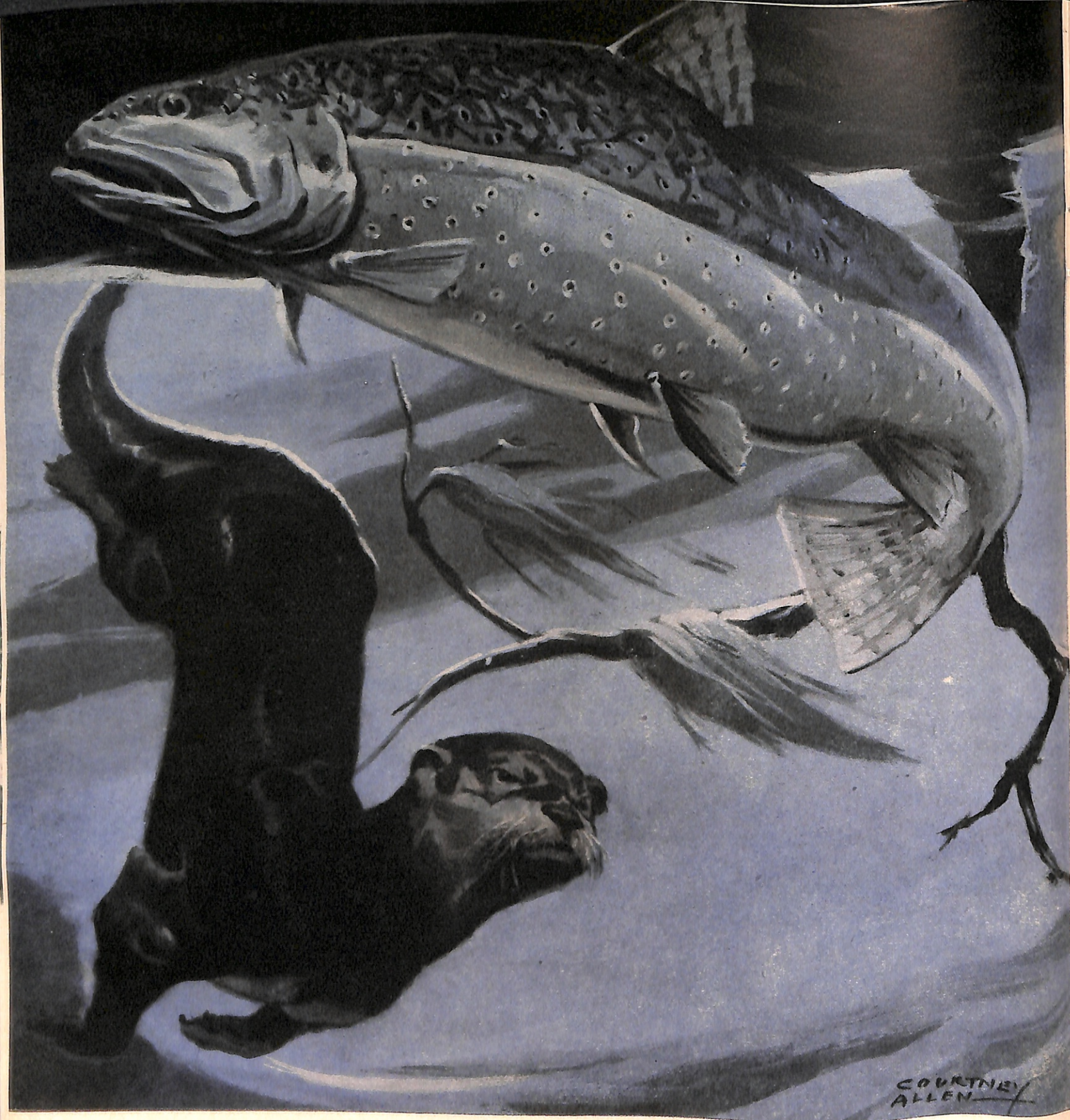
veered to avoid the downward-rushing stream of water. Presently it was scraping at the wetted concrete wall with its tiny paws, trying with a terrible pertinacity to find a paw-hold on the concrete.

Tom Hudder was wet from his waist down, but now he sweated visibly all over. The sky looked amazingly, incredibly blue. There was a wisp of white cloud moving with infinite deliberation across the patch of blue sky that he could see. There were four vertical walls of concrete looming above him, and water lapping at the calves of his legs.

After minutes of seemingly blank staring, Tom Hudder moved. He made the end of his rope fast about the handle of the shovel. He cleared the rope carefully. Then he sent the shovel hurtling upward. He hoped to catch it on the fence and haul himself up by the grip the shovel would secure.

(Continued on page 40)





THE SUN that filtered through the tops of the trees cast the shadows of autumn-fallen leaves that floated down the pool against its stony bottom. The huge brook trout, gently fanning his fins in the center of the pool, watched every one of them. Knowing what such shadows on the water were, and what they meant, had a great deal to do with whether he lived or died.

Suddenly, scarcely seeming to move, the trout shot three feet backwards to the center of a greenish-

black patch of moss. He lay there motionless, while the soft moss curled around his dark-colored back and hid the bright red specks on his silvery sides. From the tip of his long, undershot jaw to the end of his big square tail all thirty-four inches of him seemed to have become a part of the moss.

Another shadow floated across the top of the pool—but it was going upstream. The big trout watched it come closer, and for a split second it seemed to hover directly over him.

Wearily he lay under the trunk, fanning his fins and working his gills. The otter rose up beneath him.

It was a cruising male otter. The big trout, a veteran of this northern stream, knew that the surest way to escape an otter was not to be seen by it at all. When an otter starts pursuing a fish, he usually catches it.

The otter reached the head of the pool, and climbed out into the riffles. He shook himself as a dog would, and turned his head from side to side

as he scented the four winds. Then he splashed up the riffles and dived into the next pool.

The big trout could not know that the otter had seen him, but had not pursued him because he had just eaten a three-pound sucker. However, the otter, an old one who knew all the tricks and disliked to bother catching small fish when big ones were to be had, had marked the trout. When he was hungry again he would be back to catch it.

Five minutes later dozens of tiny shadows spotted the bottom of the pool, and appeared as dancing bits of flotsam on top. It was a fall hatch of stone flies. The big trout rose and sucked one in. He scarcely rippled the surface when he took a fly. But

lazily there. The big trout looked up at him, and for a moment lay quietly while he watched another shadow drop towards the pool. Small at first, the shadow grew larger as it plunged down. The water splashed when it struck, and grasped the ten-inch trout in its talons. It was an osprey, or fish hawk. Unheeding, the big trout watched him bear his catch away.

For years the big trout had feared nothing from ospreys. He was too big and heavy for them even to try to catch.

Swirling ripples dimmed the surface of the pool as a little wind played upstream. When the wind passed, it seemed to have taken the sun with it and left dark shadows in

trap line had to offer, Jem loved best the baked flesh of a big brook trout. He had seen the big fish break water, and knew that he could get it.

Busy with his trap lines and cubby sets, Jem didn't have time to bother with hook and line fishing. And he had forgotten to put his fish spear in the canoe. But his camp was only a half-mile below the pool.

He would get the spear and be back here at dawn tomorrow.

Night settled darkly over the pool. But it was a safer time than day simply because there were not so many changing shadows or so many things to watch. The big trout could still see, though not so well as by daylight. Sound and the motion of the water now took the place of

SHADOWS in the POOL



**His size, that had made him king,
now bade fare to bring him death.**

smaller trout that also were feeding on the hatch broke the water with noisy splashings.

Again and again the big trout rose, until his stomach was comfortably filled with stone flies. Logy and sluggish after eating, he sank to the bottom of the six feet of water in the deepest part of the pool and rested there. A ten-inch trout swam by, but flashed away when the monster made a half-hearted lunge at him.

After an hour's rest, the big trout rose to swim about the pool. About thirty feet long by fifteen wide at its widest, the pool was his kingdom. His throne was the big flat rock where the riffles broke into it. Too big to get under the flat rocks in the bottom of the pool, his refuges when danger threatened were the patch of moss, and the under side of a fallen tree that leaned into the pool from its right-hand bank.

The ten-inch trout had ascended to the sun-warmed waters near the surface of the pool and now swam

By JIM KJELGAARD

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

its place. The sun was sinking, and the dark shadows were the first herald of twilight. The big trout swam from the deep part of the pool to the shallows at its side. A cold-numbered grasshopper fell from the bank, and the big trout sucked it in.

Then, wildly, breaking water in his haste, he darted from the shallows to the shelter of the leaning tree. He lurked fearfully there, realizing that in his sudden panic—something of which only fingerlings should be guilty—he had broken water and revealed himself to the long, sixteen-foot shadow that had crept from nowhere out of the pool.

In the sixteen-foot canoe the broad, flat face of Jem Creed, the Indian trapper, glowed with pleasure. Of all the different foods his wilderness

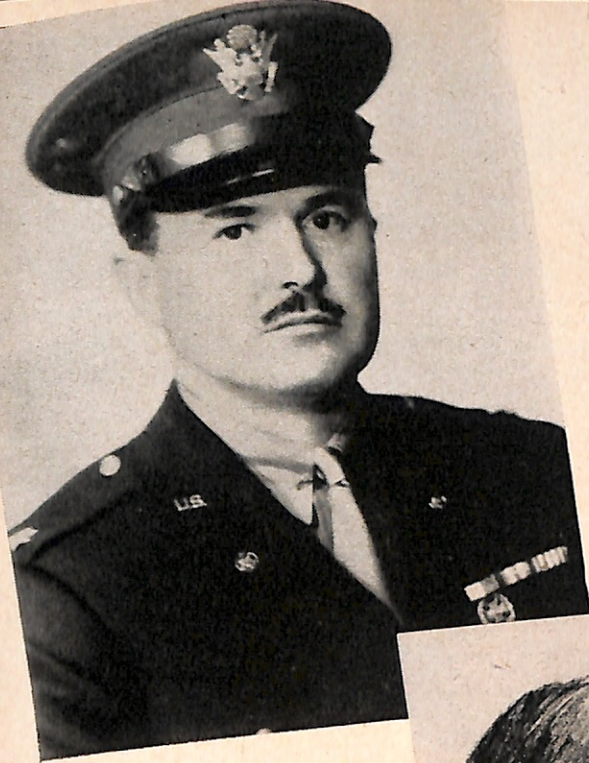
the shadows as his warning guides.

He knew that the swell of little ripples floating over the pool were made by a mink swimming along its edge. But the big trout did not fear minks either. A cousin of the otter, the mink is also a mighty fisherman. But no two-pound mink can catch and kill a twelve-pound fish. Few would try.

Another hatch of stone flies floated by, and for a moment the surface of the pool fairly boiled as the many trout in it rose to the flies.

The big trout sucked in a few of the stone flies, but sank silently to the bottom of the pool when he discerned a dark, humped mass sitting on the trunk of the leaning tree, where it joined the water. It was a lynx, down to the pool to catch fish. He sat on the tree with his face close to the water and one big, taloned front paw brushing the surface of the pool.

Going upstream, the big trout
(Continued on page 43)



Major F. Van Wyck Mason, author of "Oriental Division G-2". (Reynal and Hitchcock, \$2.50)



Fairfax Downey, author of "Indian-Fighting Army", is also the author of "Guns and the Wind" on page 12

WHAT AMERICA IS

Reading

By Harry Hansen

WHEN this war is over we are going to know a great deal more about our neighbors in every hemisphere than we ever dreamed. And it won't be picturesque tourist knowledge either. It will be hard realities about their lives, their thoughts, their customs, their methods and their capacities for cruelty and kindness.

Today, news reports build up our knowledge of foreign affairs as rapidly as from hour to hour. But it is the books that are being written which give substance to this opening of new worlds by providing a solid background of information based on reliable authorities. At one time, Japan was merely a charming little country far away, which came to our minds when we heard Puccini's "Madame Butterfly", or Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado". Now the curiosity and desire of Americans to learn something more substantial about the Japanese is ardent and sincere, for they want to know their adversary and, if possible, understand him.

"The Japanese Enemy: His Power and His Vulnerability", by Hugh Byas, who has lived long in the Far East, and especially in Japan, as *New York Times* correspondent, is an able book for this purpose. He tells us things we would rather not believe, but, in the spirit of the times, must face. For instance, Japan has not been unable to get what she needs, says Mr. Byas; she has had access to necessary essentials; she has doubled her population, despite her fight in China, and she has been steadily building industrially.

Nevertheless, the author sees Japan facing inevitable defeat when Hitler is done for, and he places this hope on the flexibility and vast resources of the Americans because "America's unique and overwhelming power is that of her inventors and engineers".

Mr. Byas believes that Japan went to war because she thinks Germany will be defeated and, therefore, she must strengthen her positions in the Far East to such an extent that she can be dislodged only with great difficulty. He thinks this will be an air war and will develop methods beyond our imaginations today. Mr. Byas, a British subject, now lives in the West Indies. (Knopf, \$1.25)

A companion volume of equal interest, "Japan's Industrial Strength", is written by Kate L. Mitchell, of the Institute of Pacific Relations. It describes the growth of heavy industry in Manchukuo, seized by Japan from China more than ten years ago, and cites other developments of use to the Japanese in war. (Knopf, \$1.50)

The other day I came upon some air line schedules that I had gathered a few years ago in Europe and I realized, with some melancholy regrets, how easily I could have flown to the Far East in a few days over lands not overrun with fighting armies. I had similar regrets when I opened Frank Clune's book about the Netherlands East Indies—"Isles

(Continued on page 48)

**Hears all, sees all, knows all but
wouldn't make a bet on a bet.**

SKEPTICS won't believe a word of this, of course, but there is a man at large who has gone to a race-track practically every day of his life since 1919 and hasn't bet on a horse in the last sixteen years. The fellow is not a stuffed shirt possessed of superhuman will power, he is not a morose misanthrope exposing himself to fresh-air poisoning, nor is he insensitive to the esthetic bang which comes when a 20-to-1 shot hightails down the stretch unimpeded by his two bucks on its nose. He doesn't bet on horses, that's all.

Before the unbelievers assume this guy wouldn't know the hind end of a horse from Hitler, it should be understood that his knowledge and judgment of thoroughbreds have influenced close to a billion dollars worth of bets. In 1941 alone his opinion was a governing factor in the \$200,000,000 wagered at New York tracks, Hollywood Park in California, Tropical Park in Florida and Maryland's Bowie, but not a dime of it was his money.

That was last year; this year he holds an even more responsible job, the biggest in racing. In January he was appointed presiding steward of the New York State Racing Commission—and, for the benefit of those who came in late, the presiding steward is the administrative boss, the works, of a horse-track. He is a combination Judge Landis, Edgar Hoover, Justice Roberts and bottleneck between skulduggery and the public's money, which last year amounted to \$133,982,574 wagered with bright, dewy-eyed optimism at five New York tracks.

This quixotic citizen who knows so much about horses that he doesn't bet on them himself is Francis Patrick Dunne, an Irishman—a revelation—out of Kansas City who qualifies as an unusual horseman on four counts: (1) He is young; (2) He is a friendly party with a sense of humor; (3) He was a spectacular flop at every minor post he ever held; (4) He believes the public can stand a lot of education in the science and technique of horse betting.

Dunne has risen to lofty eminence in his trade by confounding all the rules. First of all, he is only forty-three, a mere punk. Around a horse plant, anyone who cannot present evidence that he was an eye-witness to Aristides' triumph in the Kentucky Derby of 1875 is viewed as a kid who cannot possibly know the score.

Another chummy characteristic of veteran improvers of the breed is to regard all smiling strangers as in-

competent porch-climbers trying to rob them of treasured tips straight from the feed-box. A stranger is anyone who did not go to school with grandpappy. Dunne will punch the bag and cut up old touches with anyone who stands still long enough to pass the time of day. He even gives away horses to drop-ins for betting-on purposes.

"Not that it does any good for anyone I want to help," he admits.

"Bums and pests ask me for horses and I give them one just to get rid of them. The darn thing always comes in and pays forty-seven dollars and eighty cents. The horses I give to personal friends and people I really want to impress need a Seeing Eye dog to finish. It is very discouraging.

"Handicapping horses was my business for years. That's why I don't bet myself. You never find a

(Continued on page 46)



No Bets for No. 1

By Stanley Frank



GUNS and the WIND

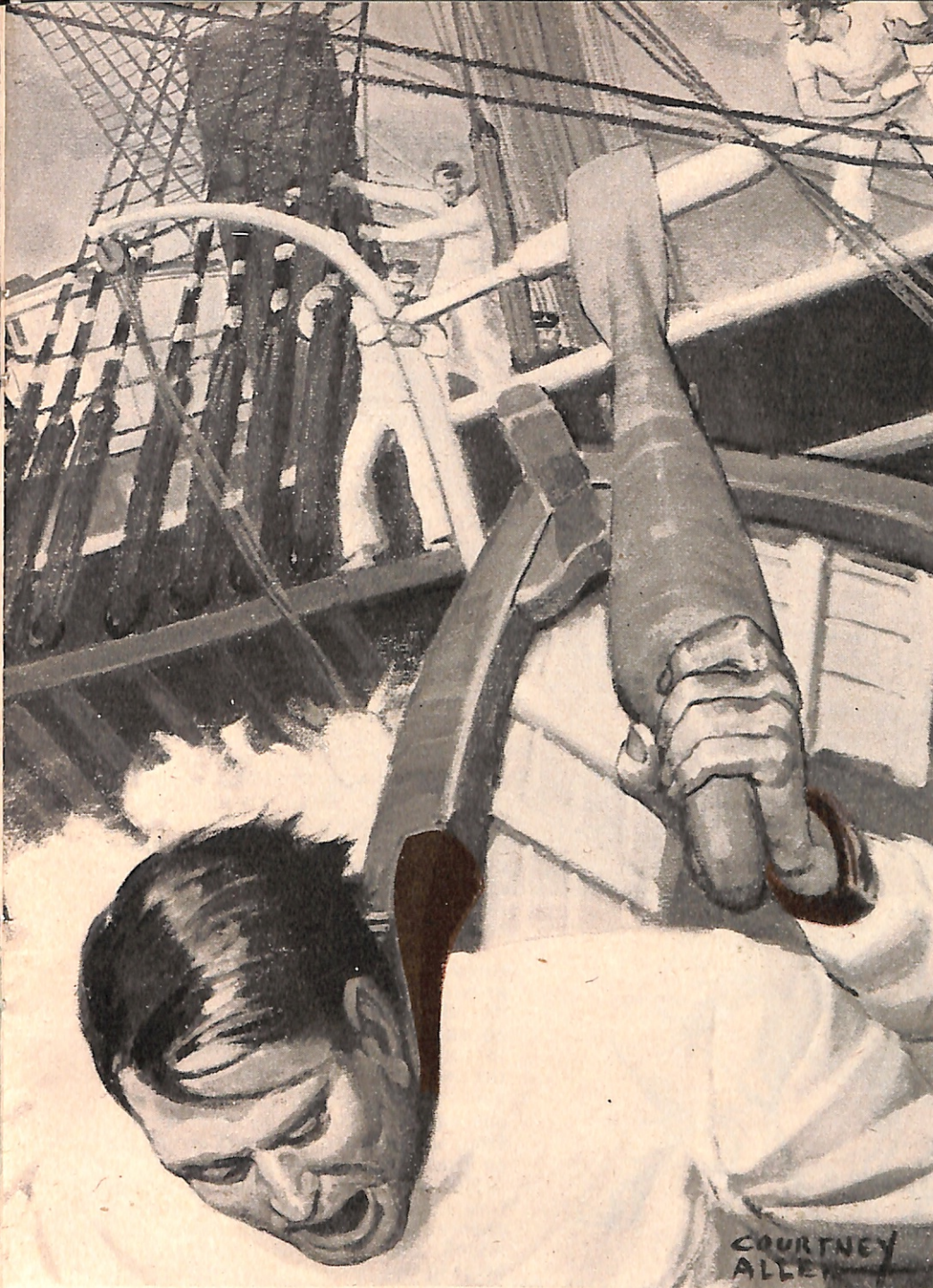
By Fairfax Downey

CLEARED for action, gun ports open, guns loaded and laid, three United States warships and three of the Imperial German Navy confronted each other in the harbor of Apia, Samoa. The stage was set for a duel to the death with the odds even. In the town, the American and the German consulates and colonies stood to arms, and on its outskirts troops of the Kaiser manned trenches, for the bush was alive with hostile Samoans, warriors who had bloodily repulsed a column of German marines.

On that sixteenth day of the stormy month of March, 1889, the long struggle for the mastery of the Pacific was on the verge of flaming

into battle. Angry dispatches from these remote islands had exploded in big, black, bellicose newspaper headlines. In Berlin, the Iron Chancellor, old Otto von Bismarck, scanned them grimly. President Harrison, recently inaugurated, urged a stronger navy—a preparedness policy too late; our fleet was no match for the German. The American public, nevertheless, was clamoring for combat on the rumor that a German warship had sunk one of ours with a torpedo. "Germans in America publicly and emphatically denounced the country of their birth. In Honolulu, so near the scene of action, German and American young men fell to blows in the street."

That history repeats itself is a true saying. Samoa had seen such acts of German penetration and aggression as would become familiar a quarter and a half century later. Then, as again in 1914 and 1939, Germany was a great power, justly dreaded throughout the globe, and the long arm of that power had reached out for the dots of land in the South Pacific. Awake also to the great value of the islands were the United States and Great Britain. But then as now we had our isolationists and followed the all too familiar policy of neglect of our armed forces. We lacked the strength to enforce our aims and establish our outposts of defense. Great Britain's situation



Many a novel and play has featured the dramatic intervention of a great storm. Here, in actuality, it prevented a war in the Pacific.

Of the two boats lowered, the first sank at once. The second lived long enough in that angry sea to capsize near shore.

blessed with stubborn, stiff-backed consuls who, with little or no support from their home governments, stood up to and faced down the infuriated Germans, blocking them at every turn possible. And there were such doughty figures as Commander Richard Leary, U. S. Navy, who, on hearing that Captain Fritze of the German gunboat *Adler* was sailing to blast Samoan rebels out of their village near Apia, nonchalantly tagged along with his gunboat, the *Adams*. As the German vessel maneuvered to bring a broadside battery to bear on the shore, her crew heard drums roll aboard the American ship. Commander Leary, having beaten to quarters, steamed in between the *Adler* and her target. Gun ports swung open, and black muzzles stared at the Germans.

It was touch-and-go for war, as it would be not long afterward in Apia harbor. A few tense minutes passed. Then a small boat was lowered by the *Adams*, and Leary and his staff, resplendent in full dress uniform, were rowed to the *Adler* and went aboard. "If you fire," sternly announced the American commander, "you must fire through the ship which I have the honor to command. I shall not be answerable for the consequences."

Perhaps it was a magnificent bluff, though that may be doubted, coming as it did from a fighting Irish-American. At any rate, the Germans, in spite of their heavier guns, could not bring themselves to call it. There was no shooting war that day.

Yet this was only a respite, no more than a rift in the gathering war clouds. Balked by the sea, the Germans tried a land assault, thrusting a column of marines into the bush. Crackle of rifle fire, wreathing battle smoke and fierce shouts of white men and brown locked in combat. Back reeled the invaders in the retreat already mentioned, carrying their wounded and their dead—seasoldiers of the Kaiser, beaten by natives.

Furor Teutonicus—German wrath. In future years, Belgium and Poland and Holland would feel the impact of the mailed fist, of the merciless punishment now about to be visited on the Samoans. A squadron set about blowing every Samoan village with-

was strikingly parallel with the dilemma she would face in the Second World War. Bismarck had gobbled up part of Denmark, set his iron heel upon Austria and overwhelmed France in the swift conquest of 1870. Italy was his ally. Russia for the time being was out of the picture.

On through the '80's the strife for coaling stations, trade concessions, spheres of influence in the Pacific had waxed hotter. Pushing, energetic, thorough, the Germans drew into the lead. Though they were less fanatical and brutally efficient than the future Nazis, the similarity of method was marked. Samoa saw puppet rulers set up—a recalcitrant chief long imprisoned aboard a German warship (one is reminded of the unfortunate Austrian Chancellor Schussnigg in 1939)—the importation of Polynesian laborers to toil in virtual slavery—plots and intrigues

that set faction against faction and blazed up into battles in the bush—the use of later-termed fifth columnists—naval bombardments of helpless native villages. Here was a handwriting on the wall which would not be read by future generations of other nations until it was too evident and too late.

The U. S. A. and the British Empire were not taking all this lying down. They attempted to settle matters peacefully by arranging a tripartite control of the islands with Germany. Bismarck treated it as Kaiser Wilhelm II and Herr Hitler would regard subsequent pacts—as "a scrap of paper". The British and Americans, though standing together, were on the run. Imperial Germany in 1884 hoisted her flag over the Samoan Islands and practically seized them.

But we and the British were

in range off the face of the earth.

"Germans swear vengeance," the American vice-consul wired Washington. "Shelling and burning indiscriminately, regardless of American property. Protest unheeded. Natives exasperated. Foreigners' lives in greatest danger. Germans respect no neutral territory. Americans in boats flying American flag seized in Apia harbor by armed German boats, but released. Admiral with squadron necessary immediately."

The captured American flag was trampled on and torn to shreds. Wrought up to fighting pitch, the people of the United States demanded action, and a squadron of three American warships sped across the Pacific, steaming fast for Samoa.

Germany half-held her hand. Sa-

calm before the storm some of the American crews got shore leave. The brown people of this lovely land were friendly to them. Why could not all white men be like these or like the gentle and beloved English invalid who dwelt at Valima—a great teller of tales, one Robert Louis Stevenson? Midshipmen from the U. S. Naval Academy, serving on the *Vandalia* for their summer cruise, met Samoan girls, and one young Texan was somewhat smitten with the charms of Fanua, niece of a chief. Later he observed that the local maidens were unfortunately addicted to the use of coconut oil as a cosmetic and wore rather too few clothes, but he wrote that when he was an old admiral.

Soon there was no more shore

hedged them about except for the narrow entrance and a sand bar gap in the shore barrier.

Now another warning signal was made, and this time not by man. Storm coming! said the barometer needles, falling ominously.

This was the dangerous month of March, month of hurricanes. Prudence prompted every naval commander to steam out of that congested harbor and gain sea-room. Yet a day or so before, the glass had fallen and risen again. That gallant old sea-dog, Admiral Kimberly, certainly was not going to have it said that he sailed away from a squadron of arrogant Germans, spoiling for a fight. Likewise reasoned the Imperial German Navy. And Captain Kane of the British *Calliope* was standing by—just in case.

So it was steam up and ammunition up from the magazines and guns run out, and our first war with Germany about to start in 1889 instead of 1917.

Then the God of Storms took over from the God of Battles. The hurricane, foretold by the glass, struck.

A fiery tint on the sun at dawn. Feathery clouds scudding across a graying sky. Wind rising from a moan to the shriek of a gale. Above it, orders shouted aboard the ships of war. Make fast moorings! Raise steam! Secure guns and hatches! Send down the lower yards and house the topmasts! All hands!

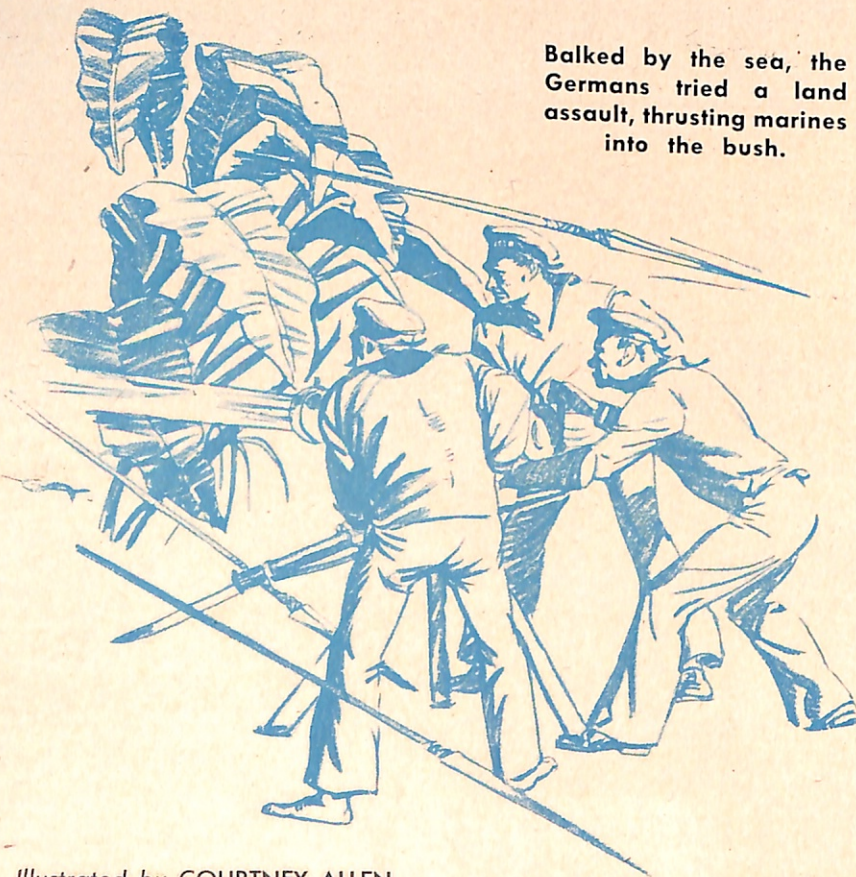
Many a novel and play has featured the dramatic intervention of a great storm. Here it was in actuality. But still it was like a play, with an audience watching in safety and in impotence from the shore. For the eye of the hurricane, its deadly vortex, centered on the harbor and spared Apia and the countryside from the havoc it now was wreaking on the trapped vessels.

Not only because of the wind that tore at their breaths did spectators ashore gasp when red dawn illumined the scene as floodlights a blacked-out stage. The little trading ships, which had ridden out many a lesser storm, had vanished. So had the German *Eber*. Dashed twice against a reef, she had gone down stern foremost. With her went all of her crew of eighty, but four lucky mariners were cast ashore miraculously alive. Terrific waves, lashed by the fury of the hurricane, sported with the six warships still surviving as if they were toy boats, upending them, flinging them about, smashing at their superstructure.

All around them was the menace of the jagged reefs, perilously close. Hope that the anchors, already dragging, still would hold. Aid the straining moorings with every ounce of steam the red-hot boilers could muster. That was their only chance. The U. S. *Nipsic*, smoke-pipes carried away and draft low, was stoking her fires with barrels of salt pork. Below decks the black gangs stood in sloshing, rising water flooding into the fire-rooms, keeping their stations

(Continued on page 44)

Balked by the sea, the
Germans tried a land
assault, thrusting marines
into the bush.

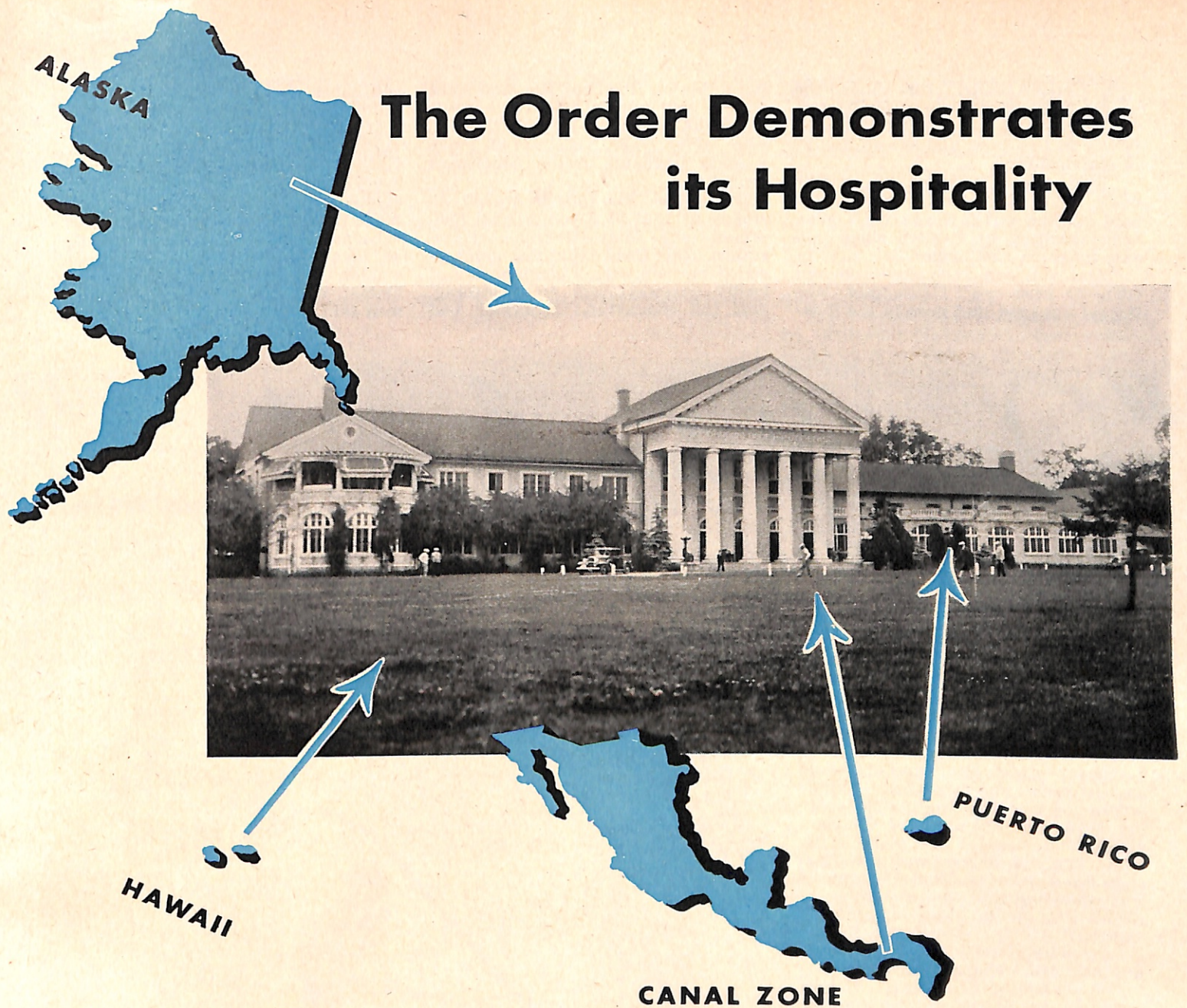


Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

moa was far from home. In the seat of power sat no impetuous fanatic, but the calculating old Iron Chancellor. The wrath-filled cauldron bubbled angrily while the men-o'-war of the United States and Germany approached their fatal rendezvous. Into Apia harbor, where the Kaiser's *Adler*, *Eber* and *Olga* and the British *Calliope* lay at anchor, glided the U. S. *Nipsic* and *Vandalia*, followed by the *Trenton*, with Rear Admiral L. A. Kimberly aboard. It was three to three if Great Britain stood aside, as she must unless she dared provoke the German might in Europe.

The time was not yet. Representatives of nations on the brink of war hesitated at the awful responsibility of the final overt act which would commit them to the plunge. In the

leave. Incident after incident increased American-German friction until the smoking and smouldering gave warning that a burst of flame was imminent. Samoan rebels in the bush edged in closer on the German trenches, and warship crews glared across the calm waters of Apia harbor at each other as they took battle stations. This promised to be a murderous combat at close quarters with shells raking decks, whistling through rigging and topping tall masts—for sail was still used as an auxiliary to steam—and innocent bystanders might be hurt. In addition to the men-o'-war, six merchant vessels overcrowded the small harbor—"a high-shouldered jar or bottle with a funnel mouth", Stevenson described it. Perilous coral reefs



The Order Demonstrates its Hospitality

A HOME AWAY FROM HOME As the ravages of war spread wider and even wider, there is particular significance to the above photograph of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia. Scores of Elks in our Territorial Possessions have inquired about the War Commission's offer of residence at the Home for their children for the duration, and plans have been made to welcome, shelter and educate them in a spirit of true helpfulness and hospitality. That such a refuge and haven of safety and security has been made available is a gesture which all Elks will approve and applaud.

FOR THE BOYS IN CAMP

As this is written, broad surveys and plans are under way to devise methods and means of offering traditional Elk hospitality to the millions of young men in training centers throughout the Nation. That subordinate lodges in the vicinity of camps find it impossible to effectively offer recreational facilities to such a vast number is a recognized fact. Thus it is that the Elks War Commission is studying a program of far-reaching proportions. Suggestions from Elks throughout the country will be welcomed and appreciated.

LODGE HOSPITALITY TO OUR BROTHERS IN THE SERVICES

Through the use of a simplified postal card plan devised by the War Commission, the hospitality of lodges located near military and naval centers will be extended to each Elk serving with our armed forces. Lodge Secretaries will advise their own members that hospitality awaits them at the lodge nearest their station and will also tell the Secretaries of all lodges located near the centers the names of their Brothers at such posts. A third card, sent to the War Commission, will constitute a census of our uniformed members.

"WRITE 'EM A LETTER"

That letters from home and from friends mean much to members of our armed forces today scattered throughout the world is importantly recognized. Soon, a broad campaign sponsored by the Elks, embracing posters, newspaper cartoons and co-operation with local advertisers in every section of the country will crystallize the attention of all America on the morale uplift embodied in the spirit of "Write 'Em A Letter". Watch for the program in your own community—and meantime, you too, "Write 'Em A Letter"!

A CHINABERRY tree shaded the front steps where Nellie sat. She had a scarlet hibiscus flower in her hand and she sniffed at it elaborately.

"You ought to know by now it don't have any odor," Brad Hanley said, coming across the yard. "You've been smelling at it ever since you saw me turn the corner."

"And you can keep right on and turn the next one," Nellie said. She buried her tip-tilted nose in the flow-

ing guide on Rowboat Key and some of the rich people who came down from the north would ask for him year after year. He would make a good husband, Nellie sometimes thought.

Of course, his income wasn't as steady as that of a commercial fisherman—say Tom Perkins, for instance. But Brad regarded commercial fishermen with a combination of lordly contempt and holy loathing. And the commercial fishermen had

the same opinion of Brad and his fellow guides, only more so.

It was a line that cut through the village like a sawfish through a net. Each side blamed the other for everything from bad weather to an epidemic of measles. The men who made their living as guides for sport fishermen said that unless the use of nets was curtailed there soon wouldn't be a fish between here and Texas; and the commercial fishermen said that if it were not for their

"One if by land —"

er again, although Brad was right—the thing didn't have any smell.

He sat on the step beside her and stretched his legs in the shadow. "I swear, Nellie, you're prettier'n that flower."

"Sweet talk won't do you any good around here," she told him. "I know where you were last night. Out jooking with that blackheaded Simpson girl."

He grinned unashamedly. "That was for a joke on Tom Perkins. I was showing that mullet-cowboy I could cut in on him anytime I wanted."

"I reckon that's why you come around here," Nellie said.

"Now, honey. You know I been courting you since I was big enough to cross the street."

"Well, so's Tom Perkins."

"And I don't see how you've put up with him. I know you're just trying to make me jealous, but. . ."

"You sure love yourself, don't you?"

"You ought to know who I love," he said. "I've told you enough times."

She softened a little. A girl couldn't help but like Brad Hanley. He was dark and slim, with white teeth and with devils in his eyes, and he was always joking. He was the best fish-

She had a scarlet hibiscus flower in her hand and she sniffed at it elaborately.



nets there would be nothing in the water now, except sharks and sting-rays.

It was a quarrel much older than Nellie, who wished that something could be done about it, and knew that nothing ever could. It would have been easier to persuade Hitler to get out of Russia, or Stalin to let him stay there. In the camps of the commercial and game fishermen there were no appeasers. And in this age-old, ruthless and never-to-be-ended

war Nellie had become a battleground.

Everybody knew that Brad was the best of the guides, and Tom Perkins was the undisputed leader of the commercial fishermen—positions more or less inherited from their fathers before them. Each had his reputation to maintain, and so, since childhood, they had been rivals. They had clashed over collections of chewing tobacco tags and over who could skip a clam shell highest off

the water. When they were twelve they almost drowned trying to see who would swim the farthest into the gulf before turning back; they were still headed out when a fishing boat and a guide's launch, racing against each other, overtook them. But even at that time the rivalry over Nellie was an old one. The only thing on which Brad Hanley and Tom Perkins had ever been known to agree was that Nellie Crocker was the prettiest girl in town.

Their attentions had never been an undiluted blessing, however. Pa Crocker, who ran a fishhouse, was naturally on Tom's side and the things he had to say about Brad would have burned the ears off a more sensitive man. On the other hand, Ma Crocker was all for Brad. Pa muttered darkly about the things he would do if Nellie was ever fool enough to marry a guide, and Ma sang the praises of such a union. Pa said Ma was socially ambitious and that she was looking beyond Brad to some of the rich idiots that he took fishing. Ma said this was a dirty falsehood, and it probably was, although you can't blame a lady for wanting to see her daughter get ahead.

But this wasn't all of it, as Nellie, beginning to thaw under Brad's compliments, recalled. "You took that Simpson girl out just because Tom's been with her a couple of times," she said. "I reckon that's why you was making such a fool of yourself over that rich girl who was down here last winter."

You couldn't embarrass Brad. "That was just business," he said, grinning. "A guide's got to keep his customers happy. Besides, it was Tom Perkins made a fool of hisself over her, not me. He tried to cut in."

"And which one started first after that girl in the trailer park?"

It was an old story. They were both in love with Nellie and the one that married her would finally have shown the whole village he was the best man; but in the meanwhile neither could have a conquest on the side that the other didn't have to duplicate, and better, if possible.

By Wyatt Blassingame



It would have been easier to persuade Hitler to get out of Russia than to settle this quarrel over Nellie.

Pa Crocker came up the walk then, glaring at Brad. Brad said, "How you do, Mr. Crocker? It's a fine day."

"For loafers and bums," Pa said. "It's hurricane weather. The radio says there's one south of Cuba."

"Let it blow," Brad said. "There's no fishing this time of the year anyhow."

"No fishing!" Pa's cheeks got red

and puffed out as though about to explode. "Tom Perkins just brought in four thousand pounds of mullet and you set there saying no fishing! B'God, if you ain't fit company for them rich idiots with more money than brains that pay you to take 'em joyriding in a boat! Spending a hundred dollars or more trying to catch a fish they can't eat when they done caught it!" He made a loud noise and stalked past Brad and into the house.

"If he wasn't going to be my father-in-law, I'd tell him off," Brad said. He was too worked up to sit still, so he kissed Nellie on the cheek before she could prevent him, and walked off, looking graceful as a kingfish and strong as a tarpon—and he'd be just about as hard to handle, Nellie thought. There must have been something of the sports fisherman in her, though, for she began to smile dreamily at the idea.

"What you thinking about, setting there smiling to yourself?" Tom Perkins said. He lounged up the walk, his overalls wet to the knees and dripping water on his bare feet. Wind and salt water had tangled his blond hair, but it didn't keep him from being handsome, in a big, slow, quiet sort of way. That rich girl from up north had found him very attractive indeed.

He sat down on the step vacated by Brad. "If that storm keeps coming this way, it's going to put a end to fishing for a while. I sure do hope it keeps coming."

She stared at him. "You must be gone crazy."

"Nope. But if I can't go on the water I'll have time to spend hanging around you and acting shiftless as a guide."

"You been having plenty of shiftless time to hang round that Simpson girl."

He looked down at his hands and grinned a slow, sheepish, boyish grin that looked repentant, though she knew from experience that it wasn't. "I just done that to get Brad started after her, so he wouldn't be resting hisself on your steps all the time."

"He was here not ten minutes back. Setting right where you are now."

Tom shifted position and looked at the spot on the steps with disdain. "I don't see how you put up with him," he said. "I reckon it's just because he's harder than a sucker fish to get rid of. Seems like you'd marry me just to be shed of him, if for nothing else." He looked at her from under blond brows, smiling that slow smile. He weighed two hundred and two pounds and he looked like a little boy. "A hurricane would be a fine time to get married," he said.

She didn't know what she might have said, for at that moment Ma Crocker shouted, louder than was necessary, being as she was at the front door not twelve feet away, "Your dinner's ready, Nellie. You come in here and get it." And she added, staring loftily over Tom's head, "There's a awful strong stink of fish around here somewhere."

Nellie watched Tom as he walked away, past the clump of cocoanut palms and around the corner, and she wondered what she might have said to him if Ma hadn't interrupted. She sure did like Tom a lot, maybe even she loved him. Then she saw the wilting hibiscus on the steps and thought of Brad, and it was all confusing again. She thought vaguely about marrying them both (she had read of a country, Tibet or some such place, where a woman could have as many husbands as she wanted), but after a few seconds of more realistic consideration she decided that wouldn't work with Brad and Tom.

"Are you going to come in the

house," Ma called, "or are you going to eat them daydreams for dinner?"

From inside the house a voice said, "Daydreams taste all right, but they don't stick to your ribs like blackeyed peas and turnip greens."

That was Mr. Milo Martin, Ma's nice-looking boarder and a practical man. He and Pa were already at the table, feeding themselves with large and rapid mouthfuls, when Nellie entered. Mr. Martin got his mouth empty, said, "When you going to make up your mind about them fellows?" and filled it again.

Pa didn't wait to empty his mouth. He said, "Her mind better already be made up. I'm getting sick of the



sight of that fellow in his white cap. A yacht cap, ain't that what he calls it? A chauffeur's hat, for riding around a bunch of crazy idiots!"

Ma said, "Shut up, Pa. The gentlemen and ladies Brad guides for are sportsmen, a word you naturally don't understand. It takes skill to catch game fish."

"Skill!" Pa choked on the combination of the word and a spoonful of grits. "I've seen Tom Perkins take two hundred trout in a hour with a pole and line, down to the Ten Thousand Islands. Them folks with Brad'll take a telephone pole with a derrick hitched on it and spend half a day trying to get a fish alongside the

boat, and when they get it, what'r they do with it? They turn it loose again! And you set there and say they ain't crazy!"

Mr. Milo Martin swallowed, said, "Anybody what gets in a boat of his own free will is bound to be crazy." He scraped the last of the food from his plate, gulped it and said, "Water is for drinking and washing, but anybody what fools with more than a bucket full of it at a time is asking to be drowned."

"You're just afraid of the Gulf," Ma said.

"I sure am. And with sense enough to be proud of it."

Pa glared and said, "If you'd

go out with Tom sometime, you—"

Ma interrupted, "You go with Brad, and you'll see what makes them rich people come all the way down here for him to take 'em fishing."

"I'll go to the garage," Mr. Martin said. "I'm a auto mechanic. If they put a auto motor in a boat, I'll work on it—after they've pulled the boat up on the beach. Even that way I'm apt to get seasick. I'll leave it to Nellie to decide between your game and commercial fishermen."

"If she's got any sense—" Pa said.

"She's already decided," Ma said.

(Continued on page 42)

Illustrated by EARL BLOSSOM

Ma caught hold of Brad, Pa caught hold of Tom. Nellie, it seemed was in danger of being drawn and quartered.



SCALP TREATMENT

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By Alan Anderson

Illustrated by MARSHALL DAVIS



THEY would not like him. They would not like him because he was an American. Ensign Christian Yates stood outside the grist mill serving as headquarters for the advanced unit of the attacking army. He'd been there an hour—tense, melancholy, lonely.

The door to the mill creaked open and a slim officer of uncertain age regarded Yates with impassive gray eyes. He said, "Come in!"

Newly commissioned Ensign Christian Yates' legs were wobbly as he entered. Twin candles on the desk ruddied the naturally florid face of the stout man seated there. There was a dispatch on the desk, and even at that distance Yates could see the year of the date, 1758, written in the bold, black backhand of General Demlock.

"I'm Colonel Armstrong," said the man at the desk. He nodded toward the slim officer, added, "Captain Cress, my aide."

"Ensign Christian Yates reporting, sir," said that young man as he handed his credentials to the colonel.

"Hum! Recommended by Colonel George Washington."

Captain Cress dipped his fingers into an ornate snuff box, sniffed daintily. "You're an orphan."

"Yes, sir," Yates admitted.

"Where did you obtain the money to purchase an ensigncy in the English Army?"

"Mister Benjamin Franklin advanced me the sum, sir."

The two officers exchanged glances of mutual satisfaction. Said Cress, "Our two most vociferous critics."

"Lad," said Armstrong, "our objective is to force the French from

the valley of the Ohio. We must do so before winter comes. This French and Indian War is a small part of the war waging in Europe."

Cress interrupted, asked, "How is morale back in the settlements?"

"Bad, sir. The people grouse a lot."

"Why?"

"That a war begun four years ago has brought no victories, only defeat," said Christian Yates, and immediately regretted it. His brashness seemingly enabled Armstrong to make an unpleasant decision. The colonel stood up.

"Give the lad his orders!" he ordered Cress curtly.

"The venture we discussed?"

"Yes," agreed Armstrong as he left the room.

"Yates, you are now a subaltern in the Royal American Regiment. An hour before dawn you are to take Lieutenant Shane's company into the forest on a scouting foray. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Cress studied his fingernails. "Be sharp! The French have many Indian war parties out. General Demlock has long pestered us for a French officer. See if you can capture one. And be back by noon. The general will arrive here at that hour."

"Yes, sir. Shall I fetch back some Indian scalps?"

Cress' lips curled in mild amusement. "By all means," he agreed. "By all means."

Yates left the grist mill. Westward the first wooded slopes of Pennsylvania's mighty Alleghenies loomed dark and foreboding in the luridness of twilight. A half a hundred camp fires tinted the encampment with a rosy redness. The silence was ominous.

"Where do I find Lieutenant Shane's command?" Yates called to a passing soldier.

The man laughed hollowly. "In the guard house," he said. "Them that's left."

Christian Yates stopped in his tracks and an unpleasant iciness seeped through his veins. Why? Normally a camp of 1200 men would be cheery with the myriad noises of soldiers at play. The silence presaged a morale lower than at any of the camps he'd passed en route. All Lieutenant Shane's men were in the guard house? Why?

A haggard officer staggered up to Yates, said, "I'm Shane. I'm drunk. Been drunk a long time. Did that swine Cress order you to take my men out scouting?"

"Yes."

"Filthy swine—Cress. I only got twenty men left. The others deserted. Cress is a swine."

"Your men are in the guard house?"

"Yes. They're under arrest so they won't desert like the others. Every mother's son in this camp is ready to desert."

"Why?"

"On account of Flacker, poor devil."

"A French agent?"

"No. My sergeant. He took my men out scouting while I was laid up. Got ambushed. Flacker didn't come back until the next day when we were on parade."

"I—I don't understand."

"The savages thought Flacker was dead. They scalped him. But he was only stunned. He came screaming into camp with his skull shining like an inverted bowl. His forehead hung down over his eyes. God, it was horrible. My men wouldn't go deep in the forest if led by the archangels. They'll desert as soon as they get out of sight of camp."

Christian Yates moistened his parched lips. "Cress did this to me because I'm a native-born American," he said. "It will discredit all of us, Franklin and Washington included. I will reap the blame for this."

Shane nodded vigorous agreement. "Cress tricked you neatly," he said. "You provincials brag about your ingenuity and resourcefulness. But you need a miracle, lad."

"Take me to the guard house! I want to talk to your men," said Yates, his desperation betrayed by the quaver in his voice.

As soon as Christian Yates entered the guard house he knew that words would avail nothing. Shane's men looked up sullenly, their eyes red-rimmed from sleep broken by nightmares of a man scalped alive. Candle stubs sputtered on barrel heads and the sultry air was spiced with the aroma of rum. Yates walked over and sat down on an empty barrel keg, looked around at the filth and disorder.

"I won't speak until I have something to say," he promised.

"We ain't cowards," a man warned. "We ain't afraid to die. We just don't aim to end up like Flacker."

Christian Yates didn't reply. He was thinking.

Colonel Armstrong, thanks to a plaguing conscience, was up at dawn. He breakfasted in a surly mood, glowered when the dapper Cress strolled into the room.

"Yates marched the men out an hour ago," said Cress.

"Had he roused their spirits?"

"Not a whit. The sentry said they looked like bullocks bound for slaughter."

"Ah, well. We cannot look to miracles. Let us prepare to greet the general."

General Demlock arrived at noon. The regiment was drawn up on the broad meadow at the base of the thickly treed mountain. A fine, brave sight they made against the green turf—their scarlet coats flaming in the hot summer sun, their freshly laundered breeches a bedazzling white. Demlock was impressed, but undeceived.

"A clean uniform can cover a shabby spirit," he said. "We need a victory. The war in Europe goes badly. All your men present?"

"I have a scouting party out, sir," said Armstrong uneasily.

"They are led by the first native American to hold the King's commission," Cress added. "A lad named Yates. A protégé of Washington and Franklin."

"Most irregular," Demlock muttered. "How about the French officer

I ordered captured?" he demanded.

Captain Cress was suave. "The Indian war parties are led by local chiefs, sir," he explained. "The French keep to their forts."

"Have the troops pass in review!" Demlock ordered.

Colonel Armstrong was about to raise his arm and signal the drummers when suddenly the meadow was flooded by a chorus of men's voices raised in a lusty barrack ballad. The general's shoulders stiffened.

"At ease!" he cried.

The regiment relaxed and faced the margin of the forest. The voices welled joyously for the last ribald verse, then faded away. The air filled with the soft shuffle of marching feet. A surprised murmur coursed down the ranks of the Royal American Regiment.

Ensign Yates came to view! He marched along jauntily with his head held high, a smile on his lips. His detail followed in column of twos. They also marched with snap and vigor.

"By George!" cried someone. "They've got a Frenchy."

The French officer scuffed along between the ranks. Yates thundered a command. His men stepped up smartly to their appointed places, halted. Firelocks dropped with alert precision. Yates took a step forward and saluted.

"Ensign Yates reporting, sir," he bellowed. "We have lifted six Indian scalps and taken a French officer prisoner for General Demlock."

The delighted general turned to

Armstrong, said, "We would do well to officer our troops with such Americans. Have the lad report to me! Perhaps he has touched off the fuse to victory. The French are in their forts, eh?"

Demlock strode away. The flabbergasted Armstrong ordered Yates' detail to stand fast, dismissed the others. The colonel hurried across the field to the grinning ensign. Captain Cress did not accompany him.

Armstrong spoke softly. "Forgive me, lad," he said. "You will be treated fairly hereafter."

"Thank you, sir."

"And what miracle turned these terrified lambs into conquering lions? Tell me, what in the world did you do?"

"A matter of barbering, sir," said Yates. He faced his grinning men, ordered, "Uncover!"

Twenty soldiers snatched off their hats. Twenty bald heads glittered in the hot sunshine. Colonel Armstrong made a queer sound in his throat.

"Their one fear was of being scalped alive," Yates explained. "I marched them into the woods and had their heads shaved. I greased their scalps. A savage must grab a handful of hair to lift a scalp. How could these men be scalped—dead or alive?"

Armstrong removed his hat and wig to reveal his naturally bald head. His groping fingers could find no purchase there. "Lad," he cried, "you'll be a general some fine day."

Christian Yates was—in the American Army.

Between the cradle and the grave lies a haircut and a shave

"We ain't afraid to die. We just don't aim to end up like Flacker."



In the DOGHOUSE

AS THIS is written, my dog Imp, of whom you may have read in these pages, is dead.

He was a good friend and at home, my almost constant companion.

In summer, if I worked outdoors, he would stay in sight of my typewriter all day. At such times, he'd alternately sprawl in the sun watching me or peer from the shade of a honeysuckle where he had dug a nest in the cool earth. At intervals he'd patrol a beat between a nearby maple and a cherry tree not far

away, always hopeful that among the squirrels which skittered back and forth overhead, one would misjudge its distance. None ever did, but that never dampened his desire nor lessened his attention to this self-imposed duty.

Indoors, his favorite post was at a window next to my work table. If it was open, he would lean out like a benign gossip contemplating the business of his neighbors. When his friends would pass—and he had many—they would speak to him and

his response was always enthusiastic. If the window was closed he'd still keep a supervising eye on the road outside. He possessed an astonishing vocabulary and at the sight of another dog his comments were insulting and usually profane.

With people he was as affable as a poor relation. He had a Rip Van Winklish tendency to be somewhat over-concerned with the affairs of others, but in this he was never offensive. The neighbors liked him for it. He even broadened his friendship to take a protecting interest in the family next door and when any member of it returned from a journey, he'd escort him or her into their home and, that duty done, would return to his own.

He was never a lap dog, seeming to scorn this as a sissy habit and no amount of coaxing could convert him to it.

As a youngster, his imagination was lively—at times, startling. Long before our house harbored mice, he invented some for us and would hunt those make-believe rodents with all the excitement of a small boy chasing a fire engine.

None of the duties he performed were thrust upon him; he created them as he did one or two solitary little games that he'd play. He never failed to announce the postman, or anybody else for that matter, and no butler was more punctilious in answering the door. He enjoyed acting as messenger between the several members of our household and was proud of his job of bringing in the morning newspaper. There was authority in the sharp attention he paid to the men who collected the neighborhood rubbish, although those same men were among his favorites. He was the nosiest fellow I ever knew; no package, large or small, came to our house without getting his close inspection.

He was not a quarrelsome dog—Welsh terriers seldom are—although his sense of possessiveness would cause him to make fierce sorties against dogs that invaded his back yard. Off his home grounds he'd fraternize with those intruders like a lodge brother. But he regarded himself as the absolute proprietor of our yard, our house and everybody and everything in it. Only once did he make a mistake in his forays against invaders and that was the time he pursued a German shepherd half way down the road. He returned to us with several holes in his side, the size of a fat lead pencil.

Most dogs when they are unwell, prefer to be left alone; but not Imp. Almost to the last he had a politician's craving for attention. Whether it was this or affection or a sense of duty, I don't know, but when I'd return home toward the end, he'd stagger from his bed to welcome me even though I later had to carry him back to it.

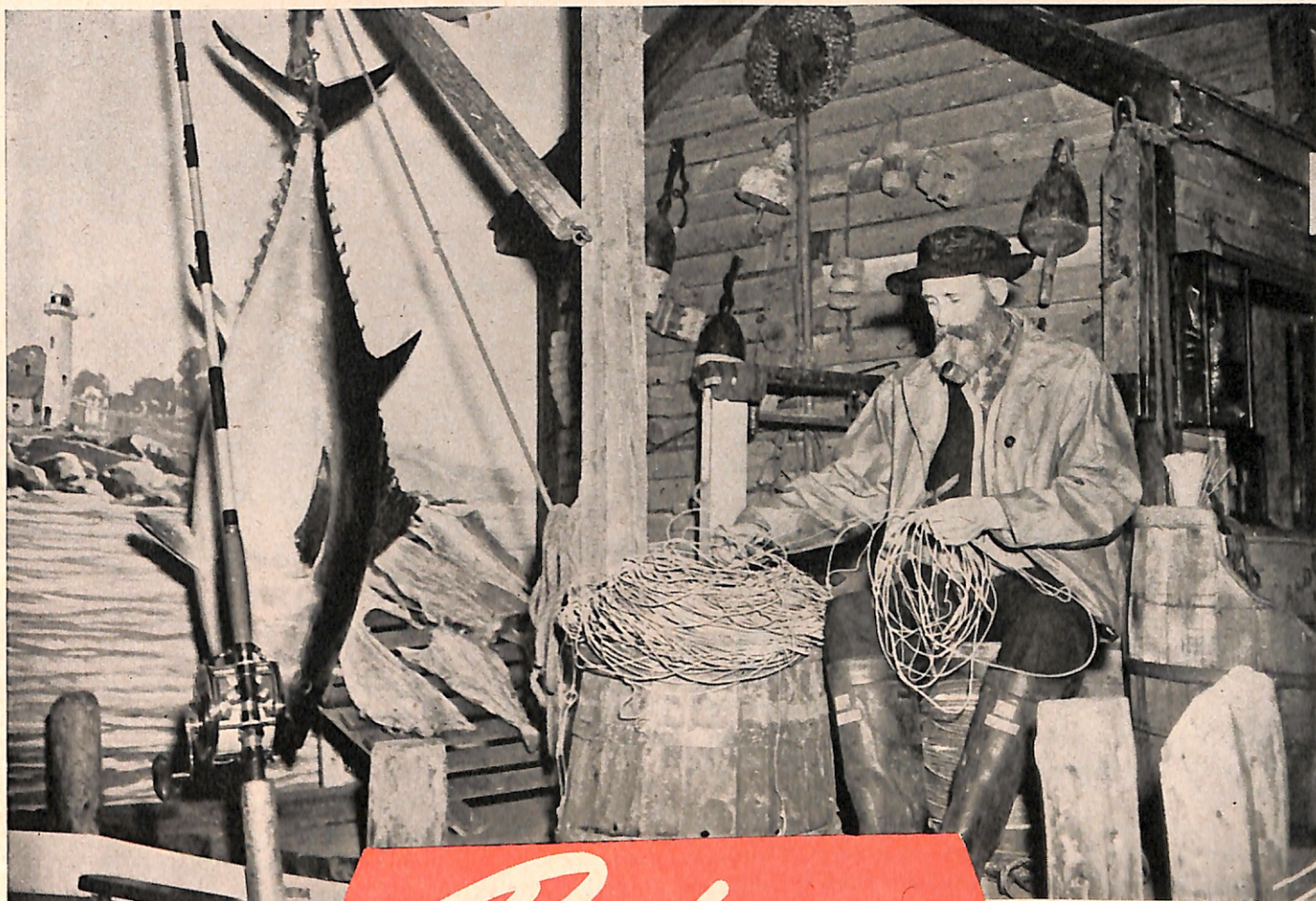
His last days were spent entirely lying in that bed staring wide-eyed, as though seeing things unperceived
(Continued on page 53)

Photo by Ylla from Rapho

with Ed Faust



Our Mr. Trullinger comes up with a lot of new wrinkles from the National Sportsmen's Show



Captain Whitney Thompson of the Sea and Shore Exhibit of Maine at the New York Sportsmen's Show.

Acme News Pictures, Inc.

Rod AND Gun

By Ray Trullinger

ECHOES from New York City's annual hook and bullet fiesta, better known as the National Sportsmen's Show:—

By the time this deathless prose hits the Nation's mailboxes, rod and gun fans throughout the country will know there's a war on. Manhattan's faithful made that discovery a few weeks back when they trooped into Grand Central Palace to view the latest in hunting and fishing gadgets. At first glance everything seemed okay, as usual, until it was noticed there wasn't a shotgun or rifle on exhibition. Later they made other distressing discoveries which tore their heartstrings. As for instance:—

The Ashaway Line and Twine Co. expected to have enough silk and nylon lines to last through most of this season, but after that, as one

French-Canuck guide was heard to remark, "she is all feenish".

The linen line situation was reported even worse, a fact which had the salt water angling fraternity talking to itself. Shortages of linen lines were expected to be noticeable before midsummer.

Are your old waders wearing out? Too bad, chum. If your local sporting goods store can't supply a new pair you're out of luck. Either you'll do your creek wallowing in the old ones, or *au naturel*. No more waders are being manufactured, although the Hodgman Rubber Co., which turns out much of this outdoors equipment, is experimenting with re-processed rubber.

The previously mentioned sporting firearms situation is downright

discouraging. Attending a sportsmen's show without a single rifle or shotgun on display was like going to a circus which had dispensed with elephants and clowns.

Apparently the arms manufacturers couldn't see the virtue of plugging something they couldn't produce except in limited quantities, and the city's big gun stores decided there was no sense booking orders for sporting weapons they couldn't deliver.

Incidentally, second-hand firearms, particularly handguns, are selling at a premium around New York City. Target model .22s and .38s are scarcer than gold coins in a collection plate, and handgun ammunition, other than rimfire stuff, is being doled out one box to a customer. Still plenty of shotgun shells avail-

(Continued on page 50)



John E. Sheridan

Editorial

Vacancies Filled

THE vacancies on The Elks National Memorial and Public Commission caused by the deaths of Brothers William M. Abbott and Frank L. Rain have been filled by the Grand Exalted Ruler in the appointment of Past Grand Exalted Rulers Michael F. Shannon and James R. Nicholson who have been inducted into office.

These new members are welcomed by the Commission and the high standing of the Magazine will be maintained with their valuable cooperation, assistance and advice.

Omaha the Convention City

THE situation with reference to transportation has so changed since the Grand Lodge voted to hold the next Grand Lodge Session in the city of Portland, Oregon, that the constituted authorities of the Grand Lodge under Section 25 Grand Lodge Statutes have changed the meeting place from Portland to Omaha, Nebraska. The Grand Exalted Ruler has promulgated an order to this effect and therein has stated the reasons for the change. The public exercises will be held Monday evening, July 13th at 8 o'clock, and the first business session on the morning of July 14th at 10 o'clock.

We are advised that in the circumstances it is generally considered that this session should be strictly confined to business, that the parade should be dispensed with together with the usual forms of entertainment.

Write to the Boys

HAVE you ever been away from home and so situated that you longed for a letter from father, mother, brother, sister, wife, sweetheart or a mere friend? If so, you

appreciate what solace and comfort a letter can bring.

In this war we have hundreds, even thousands of boys in camps and in foreign countries who are eagerly watching every arrival of mail hoping to receive some cheering message from those left behind in the old home town or community. The least you can do is to sit down and write them a nice long letter giving them the news, telling them how they are missed and expressing the high regard in which they are held for their devotion to duty to our country by enlisting or volunteering for its defense against those who are seeking to destroy it and humble its Flag. If you know where to send such a letter, well and good, but if not, address it to the branch of the service in which they are serving and trust the Post Office to make delivery. The mere fact that you have written will bring you peace of mind and you may be reasonably sure of its delivery.

Contemplate the satisfaction and joy you thus can bring to your relatives, friends and acquaintances in the service. It will be worth more to them than you are able to comprehend, build their morale and send them into the day's work with a song on their lips and rejoicing in their hearts.

They need and are entitled to receive this support and encouragement from those whom they love as well as from those they hold in high regard, whose good opinion they cherish and hope to retain though separated from them for the time being. Whether they have volunteered or have been drafted, our obligation to them is the same and their call on us is equally deserving of attention and of such assistance and support as we may be able to give.

Now, dear reader, please do not lay this aside with the thought in mind that the suggestion is good but that it can be complied with tomorrow or at some future date with the same effect. Go to your writing table or desk now and write such a letter or letters today or tonight. You know someone in the service who will be more than pleased to hear from you through the medium of a bright, cheery, gossipy letter. Just think what this individual has done, is doing and will do for you. How insignificant in comparison the return you are making and yet how all important it will be to him.



An American Creed

THROUGH their Governor Leon C. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler of Bristow Lodge No. 1614, the people of Oklahoma have issued the following as their Creed:

"I had rather be the humblest citizen in a land of freedom than to be the absolute ruler of a land of slavery.

"I had rather be a free American than possess all the islands of the Pacific and have my hands stained by the blood of the innocent.

"I had rather be the 'Unknown Soldier' than to rule a world with hate, slavery and human misery as the only monuments to my greed and stolen powers.

"THEREFORE, I will be loyal to my country and the democratic principles for which it stands.

"I will respect the rights of my fellow man and accord to him the same privileges I ask for myself.

"I will at all times support and contribute of whatever goods I possess to the triumphant completion of this war against the enemies of liberty and justice.

"I will extend the right hand of fellowship and brotherhood to the people of every nation who support the principles of liberty, equality and fraternity.

"I will surrender my life before surrendering my freedom.

"I will remember Pearl Harbor!"

The Elks of the Nation will subscribe to every word of this creed and thank the Governor for having written it.

A Guide to Teachers

IF YOU are one of those who with meticulous care read books, pencil in hand to mark paragraphs which appeal to you, the pencil may be discarded when you come to read "The Education of Free Men in American Democracy", for every paragraph is of importance.

The Educational Policies Commission has been exploring the field of education with special reference to that which is necessary to bring education home to the public as it relates to American democracy as distinguished from totalitarian forms of government. These studies have covered a period of five years, and a carefully prepared and forcefully worded synopsis has been published in a booklet of slightly over one hundred pages by the National Education Association of the United States which should be read and studied by every American, especially by professors and teachers charged with the responsibility of training the youth of our land.

In our public, parochial and private schools too much is taken for granted, it being assumed the students are already convinced that our form of government is the best in the world. This assumption is not founded on fact. There has been much propaganda to the contrary and it has found lodgment in many youthful minds, until doubts have arisen. This has been due to the employment of professors and teachers who themselves have been led to believe that a totalitarian form of government is superior to democratic ideals and in that frame of mind are unfit to guide their students to a proper appreciation of our form of government.

The first duty therefore is to "teach the teachers" and the next to see that only those are employed who have learned the lesson and learned it thoroughly. Otherwise we will be drifting in the future as in the past with no assurance that our educational institutions are not given over in part at least to furthering doctrines which are contrary to what we believe and what our experience has established as wisest. As a means to this end, nothing has appeared in print to equal "The Education of Free Men in American Democracy" and we recommend that it be read and studied by every American.



Above are the boys who completed the "Refresher Course" in aviation, sponsored by Sharon, Pa., Lodge.

Under the ANTLERS

County Elks Present Equipment to "365" Clinic at Birmingham, Ala.

The Elks of Jefferson County, Alabama, including members of Birmingham, Ensley and Bessemer Lodges, have presented a \$2,300 piece of equipment to the "365" Crippled Children's Clinic at Birmingham. It is a 300-gallon, figure-eight, under-water tank. The Clinic has felt the need of a tank of this type for some time, its efficacy having been proven in the treatment of polio stricken children.

Billings, Mont., Lodge Holds an Outstanding Initiatory Meeting

Regarded by the members as the banner meeting of 1941 was the lodge session at which Billings, Mont., Lodge, No. 394, initiated an "I Am an American Class" of 14 candidates. The lodge took a special pride in the fact that the Class represented the best type of American citizen. Included among the candidates were many civic employees and business men, a prominent surgeon and the Assistant District Attorney.

The patriotic nature of the meeting impressed old and new members alike. An exceptionally fine address on the history and meaning of the Bill of Rights was delivered by H. C. Crippen, Sr., an Elk of long standing. An earnest presentation of Red Cross needs was

given by P.E.R.'s Everett M. Baker, P.D.D., and C. T. Trott, Mayor of Billings. Jess L. Angstman, of Havre Lodge, Past Pres. of the Mont. State Elks Assn., was an honored guest. More than 200 attended the dinner given for members, candidates and visitors.

Atlanta, Ga., Lodge Sponsors Showing of Films at Marietta

Citizens of Marietta, Ga., young and old, were invited recently to a free showing in the high school auditorium of several patriotic films in technicolor presented under the auspices of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, with the cooperation of C. A. Keith, superintendent of city schools. The showing was a preliminary to the formation of a Re-

fresher Course to be given in Marietta for high school graduates under the sponsorship of Atlanta Lodge. A number of young men of Marietta had been taking the Course in Atlanta. Holding it locally makes it possible for many more to attend.

A conference was held at Marietta early in January for the purpose of going over the details of the project. Taking part in the discussion were E. M. Bradley, Chairman of the Elks Aviation Cadet Committee, J. Clayton Burke, Secy. of Atlanta Lodge, Mr. Keith and the two army Sergeants detailed to assist in the formation of the Course.

Fine Cooperative Work of Oklahoma Elks Aids Navy Recruiting Service

A few months ago, the Oklahoma State Elks Association Defense Committee, with Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, of El Reno Lodge, as Chairman, offered its assistance to the United States Navy in recruiting personnel for the naval forces. Meetings have been held in various lodges throughout the State and with the splendid work done by the local defense committees and local newspapers, a

Right: Robert L. "Believe It Or Not" Ripley presents autographed copies of his book to E.R. James A. Gunn as his contribution to Mamaronck, N. Y., Lodge's "Victory Book Campaign".





Above are officers of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge who initiated a class of candidates in honor of D.D. Judge Ronald J. Dunn on the occasion of his recent official visit to the Lodge.



Left is the first group of Racine, Wis., Lodge's "Flying Cadets", en route to Kelly Field.

large number of young men have enlisted in the Navy.

At the meeting held on the night of December 8 by El Reno Lodge No. 743, Lieutenant Commander Otis Howard and Chief Electrician's Mate W. F. DeLoach addressed more than 200 prospective recruits and their fathers. Many of the young men who were present enlisted, and transportation to the recruiting center in Oklahoma City was furnished by the lodge for all boys desiring to enlist.

Grove City, Pa., Lodge Promotes National Aid Among School Children

Instead of the usual holiday treat of candy, nuts and fruit, Grove City, Pa., Lodge, No. 1579, distributed defense stamps among all of the pupils of the local grade schools. Each child was given a twenty-five cent defense stamp affixed to a book to be converted into a defense bond.

Presentations were made at the Central, Lincoln and Washington Schools

Football Champions Are Fêted By New London, Conn., Lodge

Members of the Bulkeley Football Team, high school champions of Connecticut, were given a testimonial dinner by New London, Conn., Lodge, No. 360, at which Robert Brown, Chairman of the Sports Committee, acted as Toastmaster. At the conclusion of a fine speaking program, E.R. Charles W. Redden, on behalf of the lodge, presented each member of the team with a miniature gold football.

More than 200 Elks and invited guests were present. Jim Crowley, coach at Fordham University, was the principal speaker and interesting talks were made by William O'Brien, head coach of the victorious Bulkeley Team, and J. Orleans Christian, head coach at the University of Connecticut.

Newark, N. J., Lodge Recognizes Service Rendered by Secy. Reilly

More than 500 Elks joined in a celebration held by Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, on January 27, honoring Secretary Edward A. Reilly for his 25 years of service in the secretary's office. Two years after his initiation in 1914, Mr. Reilly was appointed Assistant Secretary. He was elected Secretary in 1930. His activities in other branches of lodge work have been many. He has served on every committee, has been Chairman



Above, left, are members of Portsmouth, N. H., Lodge who were present on the occasion of the burning of the mortgage on the lodge home. Directly behind the urn is Past Grand Exalter Ruler John F. Malley.

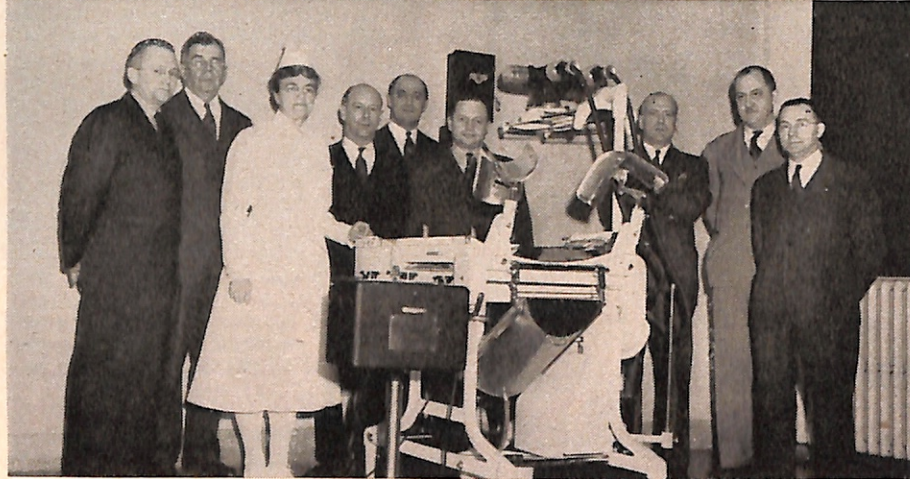


Left: Distinguished Elks present to view the "Iron Lung" presented by Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodge to a local hospital were, left to right, Grant Kellogg, Grand Trustee Fred B. Mellmann, E.R. Harold Smith, State Vice-Pres. Joseph A. Cianciarulo and Senator Herbert W. Slater, P.E.R.



Above are officers and the Drill Team of Niles, Mich., Lodge, with State Pres. Albert Ott and Past Grand Inner Guard Frank Small on the occasion of the burning of the mortgage on the Lodge home.

Left are prominent Elks of Lebanon, Pa., Lodge who attended the presentation ceremonies for a urological X-ray table to a local hospital.



of the annual Frolic Committee since its inception in 1919, and has taken a prominent part on Ladies Night programs.

Mr. Reilly is a member of the Essex County Board of Elections. Present at the testimonial were his two brothers,

Louis A. Reilly, former Commissioner of Banking and Insurance, and William J. Reilly, Commander of Goodfellowship Post No. 189 of the American Legion. Also in attendance were William T. Phillips, of New York Lodge No. 1, former Chairman of the Board of

Grand Trustees, August F. Greiner, Perth Amboy, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., State Vice-Pres. Lambert C. Schoof, Bloomfield, D.D. Joseph A. Miscia, Montclair, Mayor Vincent J. Murphy, Newark, George Becker, Sheriff of Essex County, William Wachefeld, Prosecutor of Essex County, and John A. Brady, Director of Public Works, Newark.

Mr. Reilly's activities during his long service were outlined by E.R. Joseph P. O'Toole, of Newark Lodge. Samuel O. Offen officiated as Chairman, P.E.R. Charles E. Coyle as Secretary.

Pontiac, Ill., Elks Honor High School Squad at Grid Banquet

Three hundred persons attended the fourth annual high school football ban-

Left: Harvey C. Belt of Washington, D. C., Lodge presents a check for \$1,235 to the Superintendent of Washington's Children's Hospital for the purchase of essential equipment, as a feature of the Lodge's 60th Anniversary Celebration.

Below are those who were present at a dinner in honor of D.D. Herman A. Earley at Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge.





Above are members of Richmond, Ky., Lodge who were present when D.D. William H. White and State Pres. Paul J. Smith paid their official visits to the Lodge.

Right: Lt. Commander Otis Howard and Chief Electrician's Mate W. F. DeLoach, shown with members of El Reno, Okla., Lodge when they addressed a meeting.



quet sponsored by Pontiac, Ill., Lodge, No. 1019. The affair, held in the Methodist Educational Building, was a huge success.

E.R. M. A. Nolan welcomed the guests and C. A. McGinnis, of the Pontiac High School, responded. James Conzelman, Coach of the Chicago Cardinals football team, was the principal speaker on a delightful program. O. H. Lewis, former Warden of the Illinois State Prison, was Toastmaster.

Successful Social Affairs Held Recently by Boise, Ida., Lodge

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Ed. D. Baird was honored recently by his home lodge, Boise, Ida., No. 310, at a reception and banquet. P.E.R. Jess P. Hawley was the principal speaker. The attendance of 475 Elks included Governor Chase Clark, of Idaho Falls Lodge, officers of all the lodges in the area and representatives of the Idaho State Elks Association headed by President A. H. Christiansen, of Boise Lodge. The Boise Elks Band and Chorus were featured on the entertainment program. P.E.R. Joe Imhoff was Toastmaster; E.R. Robert S. Campbell spoke for the lodge.

Right are members who are participating in Warren, Ohio, Lodge's Air Corps "Refresher Course".

Below are baseball players who participated in the "Old Timers' Baseball Carnival", sponsored recently by Anaheim, Calif., Lodge.

At the Elks' Annual Smoker, more than 200 members were present to enjoy an evening of relaxation and fun. Four fast boxing bouts were staged, refereed by Fay Rose, a member of Nampa Lodge and former Vice-Pres. of the National Association of Boxing Officials. The Elks Pep Band of Boise Lodge played special numbers at frequent intervals during the evening. Many Past Exalted Rulers were present, including Mr. Baird, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, and a number from other lodges of the Order.

The sewing rooms of the local Red Cross are located on the fourth floor of the Elks' building. They are in use every week day from nine to five.

Mortgage-Burning Ceremonies Are Held by South Haven, Mich., Lodge

South Haven, Mich., Lodge, No. 1509, burned its mortgage at a birthday dinner-dance held in the lodge home on February 6, attended by a capacity crowd. The home was dedicated several years ago by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., when he was serving as a member of the Board of Grand Trustees.

The mortgage-burning ceremonies were performed by the Exalted Ruler, Robert McDowell, assisted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Warner. Past Grand Inner Guard Frank A. Small, of St. Joseph, Mich., and William T. Evans





of Muskegon, P.D.D. for Michigan, West, both of whom played an important part in the recent success and growth of South Haven Lodge, and Leland L. Hamilton, of Niles, Mich., D.D. for Michigan, Central, were speakers. A fine floor show was presented and music was furnished by a well known orchestra.

The 74th Anniversary Banquet Held by New York Lodge No. 1

The Seventy-fourth Anniversary Banquet, held by New York Lodge No. 1 on February 14, will long be remembered by all who attended. Approximately 1,000 Elks and ladies were present. The guest of honor, Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, was accompanied by Mrs. McClelland. P.D.D. Charles J. Conklin, Chairman of the Banquet Committee, introduced the Toastmaster, P.E.R. Ferdinand Pecora. Charles J. Garrison, E.R. of New York Lodge, delivered the address of welcome. The speakers were Judge McClelland, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert of New York Lodge, George I. Hall, Lynbrook, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., Past State Pres. James A. Farley, of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, former Postmaster General, Lieutenant Governor Charles A. Poletti, Fannie Hurst, Brigadier Gen-

Above are officers of Sterling, Colo., Lodge with members of Recruiting Offices and the local Draft Board, shown with a group of Selective Service men from the environs.

eral Haig Shekerjian, U.S.A., Rear Admiral Henry D. Cooke, U.S.N., and Dr. Frank Kingdon. State President Hall gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

Acting on behalf of No. 1, Judge Hulbert presented the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. McClelland with a beautiful glass service set. Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle presented William T. Phillips, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and former Secretary of New York Lodge, with an engrossed resolution in recognition of his valued services to the Grand Lodge. The speaking program was followed by entertainment and dancing.

The event drew a magnificent turnout of members of No. 1 and also officers and members of lodges not only in the State of New York but elsewhere. Among those seated on the dais with Judge and Mrs. McClelland were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, Raymond Benjamin, of Napa, Calif., Lodge, James R. Nicholson, Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Bruce A. Campbell, East St.

Louis, Ill., Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Chicago, John F. Malley, Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Murray Hulbert, New York, James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, David Sholtz, Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Toledo, O., Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., and Joseph G. Buch, Trenton, N. J.; J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, S. D., Chairman, Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., Vice-Chairman, Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland, Calif., Secretary, Robert S. Barrett, Alexandria, Va., Approving Member and Wade H. Kepner, Wheeling, W. Va., Home Member, of the Board of Grand

Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge Presents A Candidate For Grand Trustee

Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, No. 299, announces that it will present the name of Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Charles E. Broughton for election as a member of the Board of Grand Trustees at the forthcoming session of the Grand Lodge at Omaha, Nebraska. In submitting his candidacy, Mr. Broughton's home lodge as well as all of the other lodges in the State feel that they are endorsing a man of unusual fitness and qualification for the work of the Order that lies ahead in the critical times the nation is facing.

Mr. Broughton is a leading newspaper editor and publisher. He has served as a member of the Wisconsin State Annuity Board and is at present Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Federal Home Loan Bank of Chicago. A man of broad vision and humanitarian principles, he possesses the rare ability to put his ideas into practical operation.

Mr. Broughton's career as an Elk has been outstanding. He became a member of the Order in 1903, and has served as Exalted Ruler, District Deputy, President of the Wisconsin State Elks Association and Chairman of the State Crippled Children's Committee. He served as Grand Esteemed Leading Knight in 1932-1933. The program of the Elks National Defense Commission has his full support and cooperation.



Above, left, are the living charter members of Cortland, N. Y., Lodge on the occasion of the 40th Anniversary of the Lodge. Seated in the front row, third from left, is Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan.

Left are Sturgis, Mich., Elks shown as they presented to the local hospital a modern E & J resuscitator.



Above are "20-Year Members" who were present at an "Old Timers' Night" celebration held by Three Rivers, Mich., Lodge.

Right are Elks of York, Pa., Lodge, as they watched six young men, who recently passed the examination for the U. S. Navy in a telegraph course, at the radio code school operated by the Lodge.



Trustees; Samuel C. Duberstein, Brooklyn, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Grand Tiler Michael J. Gilday, New Rochelle; D.D.'s John F. Scileppi, Queens Borough Lodge and Thomas H. Callahan, White Plains; Vice-Pres.'s Joseph J. Haggerty, Huntington, and Milton B. Shafer, Port Chester, Secy. Thomas F. Cuite, Brooklyn, and Treas. John T. Osowski, Elmira, of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.; the Hon. Michael J. Kennedy and Timothy J. Mara, Chairman of the Special Activities Committee of New York Lodge.

Tamaqua, Pa., Elks Burn the Mortgage on Their Lodge Home

Freedom from all debt on the lodge home was celebrated by the officers and members of Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge, No. 592, on February 13. The affair, sponsored by the House Committee, drew a large attendance.

E. Gerber, one of the eight sur-

Right: P.D.D. Postmaster Carl J. Hase hands to Thomas P. Batchelor and Secy. Chester T. Johns a \$500 Defense Bond which they bought for Ontario, Calif., Lodge.

Below are those who were present at the Old Timers' Banquet given by Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge.

viving charter members, touched a match to the mortgage which was held by P.E.R. Harry J. Lauer, Secretary of the lodge and a member for 41 years. E.R. Charles Guy, introduced by A. R. Snyder, Master of Ceremonies, stated that he was very proud of the fact that the indebtedness had been liquidated during his term of office. A program of entertainment was presented.

State Elks Executive Committee Meets at Waycross, Georgia

Thirteen Georgia lodges and one Ohio lodge were represented at the February meeting of the Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Association, held in the home of Waycross Lodge No. 369. Plans were approved for extension of the work



At right: Members of the District and Municipal Bench who attended a meeting held by Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge in honor of Retiring District Judge Edward F. Waite and recently elevated Municipal Judge Fred B. Wright, who now sits in the District Court. Both are members of Minneapolis Lodge.

Below, right, are members of Grants Pass, Ore., Lodge who were present on Past Exalted Rulers' Night, when Jack Luckey, Past State Pres., conducted a one-man Ritual, occupying all officers' stations.

at "Aidmore", Atlanta's convalescent home for crippled children under the management of the Crippled Children's League of Georgia, Inc. Harry H. Howett, a member of Elyria, O., Lodge, No. 465, who has been loaned to the Georgia Elks by the National Society for Crippled Children, outlined the program for the establishment of additional clinics in the State. The Ritualistic Committee was authorized to make arrangements for sending the winning Georgia degree team to the Grand Lodge Convention this coming July to compete in the National Ritualistic Contest.

Special Deputy Roderick M. McDuffie, of East Point, Ga., Lodge, announced the institution of five new lodges of the Order in the State during the past year. With pride, State President H. O. Hubert, Jr., of Decatur Lodge, called attention to the fact that during the past five and a half years fourteen new lodges have been organized in Georgia, and that Decatur Lodge No. 1602, instituted in 1936, will ask the Grand Lodge to approve its plans for the erection of a new lodge home in the city of Decatur this year.

Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge Honors Its Members of Long Standing

Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge, No. 131, gave an Old Timers Party recently in honor of members who had been affiliated with the lodge for fifteen years or more. One hundred and fifty members attended and 38 of the Old Timers were present.

E.R. Robert H. Kirschman, Jr., addressed the meeting. Raymond Meachem, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, arranged the program which included a buffet supper. Each Old Timer was presented with a ribbon embossed with the number of years of his membership. Among the guests was Stephen J. Rathbun who was initiated in 1898, just two days before he joined the U. S. Army at the time of the Spanish-American War.



Elks' Defense Stamp Clubs at Logansport, Ind., Aid Nation

The "Indiana Plan" put into practice by Logansport, Ind., Lodge, No. 66, has met with overwhelming success. As loyal Americans desiring to aid their country in waging a victorious war, members of the lodge have organized three separate Defense Stamp Clubs, a twenty-five-cent, a fifty-cent and a dollar-per-day club. Any member of the lodge may belong to one or all. Every club member agrees to buy each day a U. S. defense stamp of the denomination designated by his own club. Within one week sales amounted to \$1,447.

All sales are made at the lodge home where names of the members who have joined the "Stamp a Day" clubs are posted so that all may trace the progress made from day to day. Change is made with defense stamps instead of money. Each club selects its own treasurer, assistant treasurer and secretary. Defense stamps are kept on regular folders;

when filled, the folder is turned in and exchange is made for a defense bond. The lodge, officially, is also contributing generously to the defense effort, having made provision for the regular purchase of defense bonds.

The N. D. State Elks Assn. Holds A Called Meeting at Devils Lake

A meeting of the North Dakota State Elks Association was held on January 4 in the home of Devils Lake Lodge No. 1216. All of the lodges but one were represented, a remarkable showing in below zero weather, considering that the shortest mileage for any lodge to travel was 200 miles and the longest 600 miles for the round trip. An excellent dinner was served by the host lodge for all who attended.

The meeting was called by State Pres. Sam Stern, of Fargo Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, for the purpose of considering the part to be taken by North Dakota Elks in the Nation's war effort. The State Association recommended that each member lodge make available to its own Defense Committee at least \$100 to enable it to participate in the Elks "Keep 'Em Flying" program. A roll call of

Below are some 300 young men who attended a meeting held by Saginaw, Mich., Lodge to give them the latest revised information about Army Air Service.





Above are officers of Des Moines, Ia., Lodge and 23 young men who comprised part of the graduates of Des Moines Lodge's first "Refresher Class".



Left: At the annual football banquet sponsored by Pontiac, Ill., Lodge are those at the speakers' table. James Conzelman, coach of the Chicago Cardinals, was the principal speaker.

the lodges represented at the meeting showed that the ten Elk lodges in North Dakota had purchased U. S. defense bonds whose maturity value is in excess of \$100,000. D.D. John A. Graham, of Bismarck Lodge, was a speaker, stressing the importance of continuing the effort for increase of membership among the lodges of the State.

Sanford Lodge Is Host at a Fla. State Elks Assn. Meeting

At the Division Meeting of the Florida State Elks Association held at Sanford on January 23, State Pres. L. B. Sparkman, of Tampa, headed a list of speakers which included Vice-Pres. Herbert F. Fuller, of New Smyrna Beach Lodge. New members were initiated into Eustis,

Daytona Beach and Sanford Lodges in a joint ceremony. Among the many prominent Elks of the State in attendance was Harry P. Miller, donor of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla, Fla.

During the meeting, P.E.R. Arthur S. Peck, of Sanford Lodge No. 1241, was presented by E.R. Leo Butner with a scroll bearing the signatures of the officers and members of the lodge and also of the Sanford Antlers Lodge. The scroll was given Mr. Peck in appreciation of his splendid work as Chairman of the Antlers Advisory Committee for the past ten years and as Exalted Ruler of the lodge.

Flying Cadet Candidates Attend Rally at Holyoke, Mass., Lodge

Nearly 300 enthusiastic candidates for enrollment in the flying cadet division of the army air corps assembled in the home of Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, on January 29. They were addressed by Captain Harold J. McCann, F. A., commanding officer at the Spring-



Left: Col. William E. Murray, E.R. of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, buys from D. D. Upchurch a \$10,000 Defense Bond for the Lodge.

At bottom: "Old Timers" of Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge, together with other members of the Lodge, who were present at a celebration held in their honor.





Above: Napoleon Patry, a New Haven banker, presents to Thomas J. Holohan a \$10,000 Defense Bond which West Haven, Conn., Lodge purchased recently. Many distinguished Elks of Connecticut were present.



Left: Officers of Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge watch the note-burning that wiped out the debt on their Lodge home recently.

field recruiting office and preinduction center and also president of the newly organized aviation cadet examining board. Captain McCann spoke on recent changes in the requirements for aviation cadet training. The principal speaker, Captain Robert S. Fogg, A. C., pioneer New England aviator who has been flying for the past 23 years, stated that the Holyoke turnout was one of the largest he had addressed so far.

Both speakers conducted a question and answer period prior to the showing of the motion picture, "Flying Cadet", depicting the life of a cadet from the time he enters the ranks until he re-

ceives his commission. Applications for membership in the flying cadet corps were accepted afterward by members of the Elks Defense Commission. The officers were introduced by James F. Langlois, Secretary of Holyoke Lodge, and secretary of the lodge's defense commission. Sergeant Roy Lenois, local army recruiting officer, cooperated with the Elks in staging the rally.

Dr. E. J. McCormick, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Faces a Busy Year

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Doctor Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, Ohio,



Left: Past Exalted Rulers of Lewiston, Ida., Lodge who, on "P.E.R.'s Night", initiated a class of 33 candidates. Among those in the picture are three generations of one family who now belong to the Lodge—the McEachrons.

Below are Past Exalted Rulers of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge who were present at their annual dinner.





Above: Gov. Leon C. Phillips is shown with Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland at the unveiling of a memorial tablet to Will Rogers at Claremore, Okla. Mr. Rogers was a Life Member of the Order.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

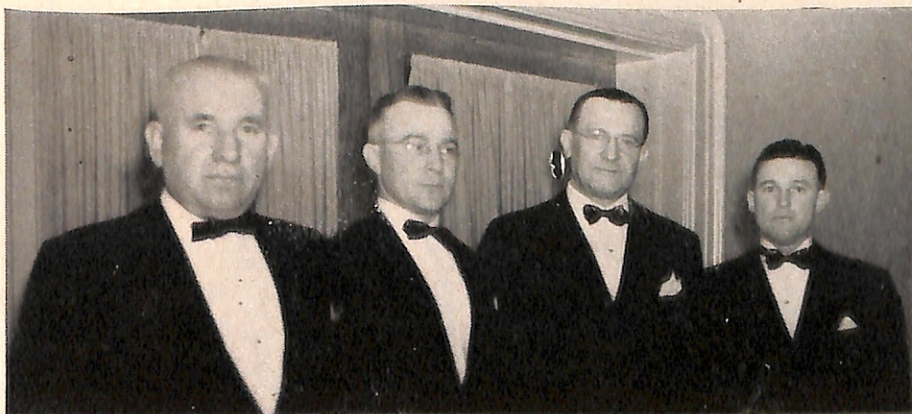
GRAND Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland arrived in Houston, Tex., on December 11, accompanied by Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, of El Reno, Okla., M. A. deBettencourt, Houston, Pres. of the Tex. State Elks Assn., and J. Ford Zietlow, of Aberdeen, S. D., Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. The party was met at the train by a reception committee which included P.E.R. Allen B. Hannay, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, E.R. Raymond L. Wright, Secy. H. R. Grobe and D.D. A. C. Huwieler, all of Houston Lodge No. 151, and also a delegation from Galveston Lodge No. 126, headed by

E.R. R. W. Richeson, and escorted to the home of Houston Lodge where a delicious luncheon was served. After the luncheon a large representation of the Houston membership accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler's party to Galveston, Tex., where a splendid meeting was held by the lodge after which Judge McClelland returned to Houston. On the following morning he gave a talk over the radio at the public booth where Houston Lodge was conducting its annual "Mile of Dimes" under the direction of H. P. Wayman, Chairman of the Committee. This year the Committee raised approximately \$11,500, which was distributed, through the assistance

of the Salvation Army, among 3,000 needy children of school age for clothing and other necessities. At 1 p. m., the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party, including Mr. Zietlow and Mr. McLean, and members and officers of Houston Lodge, attended a luncheon given by Judge Hanay at the River Oaks Country Club. Judge McClelland was presented on this visit with a beautiful silver thermos pitcher, a tray and silver cups, a gift from Houston Lodge.

On December 17, Judge McClelland, accompanied by his Executive Secretary, Tom Brisendine, of East Point, Ga., Lodge, and R. E. Lee Reynolds, of Atlanta Lodge, Secy. of the Ga. State Elks Assn., motored to Dalton, Ga., for a visit to Dalton Lodge No. 1267. A delegation of members, headed by their Exalted Ruler, Dr. J. F. Hines, met the party about 20 miles from Dalton and led by a State Patrol car, they formed an honorary escort. At the city limits, more than 50 automobiles joined the motorcade for a parade through the city. Welcoming banners stretched across the main street bore the Grand Exalted Ruler's familiar "Hello, American!" greeting. After a delightful dinner given in Judge McClelland's honor at the lodge home, a large "I Am an American Class" was initiated and the Grand Exalted Ruler's message was broadcasted over the local radio station.

The Grand Exalted Ruler attended a special called meeting of the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission in New York City on Janu-



Left: Capt. Stephen McGrath, D.D. Ronald J. Dunn and E.R. Edward R. Haskell of Oneida, N.Y., Lodge, are shown with Judge McClelland when he visited there.



Above are those present at the 74th Anniversary Banquet given by New York, N. Y., Lodge. Many Past Grand Exalted Rulers and Judge McClelland attended.

ary 4, after which he left for Elmira, N. Y. He was met at the railroad station by a delegation headed by John T. Osowski, of Elmira Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and escorted to the Mark Twain Hotel. After an informal get-together with the members of Elmira Lodge No. 62, the Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted to Watkins Glen, N. Y. There he was greeted by a reception committee headed by E.R. Fred L. Moran, of Watkins Glen Lodge No. 1546, and P.E.R. F. A. Haughey, D.D. for New York, S. Cent. Judge McClelland welcomed the opportunity to express to the Elks of Watkins Glen his grateful appreciation of their ministrations and kindness during the last illness of his close friend, the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, of Atlanta Lodge No. 78. Mr. Andrews was a patient at the Watkins Springs Sanatorium.

At a luncheon given in his honor, Judge McClelland was introduced by E.R. Fred Moran who presided. At the conclusion of a splendid speech made by Judge McClelland, D.D. F. A. Haughey

gave a talk in which he urged all present to give the Grand Exalted Ruler's program their full cooperation. After the luncheon Judge McClelland was shown through the beautiful home of Watkins Glen Lodge, which faces Lake Seneca. Among those present were Mr. Osowski, Mayor A. J. Peck and P.E.R.'s Walter C. Sproul, Eugene M. Gailey, H. A. Saunders, Louis Clust and P.D.D. H. J. Suits, of Watkins Glen Lodge, L. W. Argetsinger, District Attorney of Schuyler County, L. E. Morgan, County Clerk, C. Earle Hager, County Treasurer, Olin T. Nye, County Judge, Surrogate and Schuyler County Supervisors Jerry Black, Charles E. Carney and Ed-

son Bailey, S. J. Coats, Schuyler County Commissioner of Public Welfare, Walter Obuhanich of the Bureau of Criminal Investigation, and O. A. Allen, Schuyler County Coroner.

That afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler returned with Mr. Osowski to Elmira. He was the guest of honor later at a banquet held in the home of Elmira Lodge, which was attended by more than 300 local members and Elks of the South Central District. Among those present were Mr. Haughey, Wright Johnson, of Owego Lodge, Vice-Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., Past Pres. John T. Gorman, Owego, P.D.D. Claude Y. Cushman, of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, and P.D.D. P. C. Sainburg, of Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge. The meeting was presided over by the Exalted Ruler of Elmira Lodge, Kenneth C. Winsor, who introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler and other visiting Elks. Judge

Right, The Grand Exalted Ruler is shown with prominent New York State Elks when he visited Elmira, N. Y., Lodge.



Below: Officers of Gloversville, N. Y., Lodge, with distinguished visitors, are shown with the Grand Exalted Ruler the evening he dined there.





McClelland's fine speech was broadcasted over station WENY. On behalf of Elmira Lodge, Mr. Osowski presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a locally manufactured chromium plated fire extinguisher, suitably engraved, as a token of appreciation of his visit. A floor show was featured on the entertainment program.

Judge McClelland next visited Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23. He was met by E.R. John P. Abbott, Secy. Karl A. Schwartz, Est. Lead. Knight William L. Kasting, Trustees Lewis Horschel and John D. Mullen, Tiler John A. Henry, State Trustee Martin J. Mulligan, P.E.R.'s Harry G. Blanchard and William M. Wean, Sheriff Arthur D. Britt and Dr. Charles E. Forrest, all of Buffalo Lodge, D.D. Howard F. Rieger, Niagara Falls, and Past State Pres. J. Theodore Moses, of North Tonawanda Lodge. At the Hotel Statler, an in-

Above are those members of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge who were present at a dinner commemorating the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland and the homecoming of D.D. Thomas H. Callahan.

formal reception was held followed by a luncheon after which, with police escort, the party was driven in a chartered bus to the home of North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge, No. 860, where the Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted by a great many members. From North Tonawanda, the party proceeded to Niagara Falls. A delightful visit was had with members of the local lodge, Niagara Falls, N. Y., No. 346. Judge McClelland and his party were then taken to the Falls. The scenic beauty of the Falls and the new Honeymoon Bridge was viewed under dramatic circumstances.

A blizzard was raging and the thermometer stood at ten below zero.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied on his return to Buffalo by all of the members of the touring party. At the beautiful home of the lodge, repurchased and redecorated a few months before, a reception was held in honor of the distinguished guest followed by an elaborate banquet. Among the 300 Elks present were members of the host lodge, Buffalo No. 23, and other lodges of the Western New York District, including Rochester, Lancaster, Niagara Falls, North Tonawanda, Wells-ville, Salamanca, Jamestown, Lockport, Olean, Medina, Dunkirk, Batavia and Albion. Arrangements for the banquet and reception were under the direction of Chairman George F. Schlager. The Rev. Henry B. Laudenschlager was Toastmaster. The Grand Exalted Ruler gave a short talk, and responses to their introductions were made by E.R. John P. Abbott, Past Pres. J. Theodore Moses, D.D. Howard F. Rieger, State Trustee M. J. Mulligan, Special Deputy Harry R. Darling, of Rochester Lodge, and P.E.R. Richard A. Grimm, Buffalo. At the conclusion of the dinner, a regular session of Buffalo Lodge was held and a large class, headed by Street Commissioner James J. Hillery, was initiated. In his address, Judge McClelland commended the officers and members for the fine progress made during the lodge year, and praised Mr. Darling who, as Special Deputy, rendered such valuable assistance in No. 23's magnificent rehabilitation program. Mr. Darling also addressed the meeting and was given an enthusiastic reception.

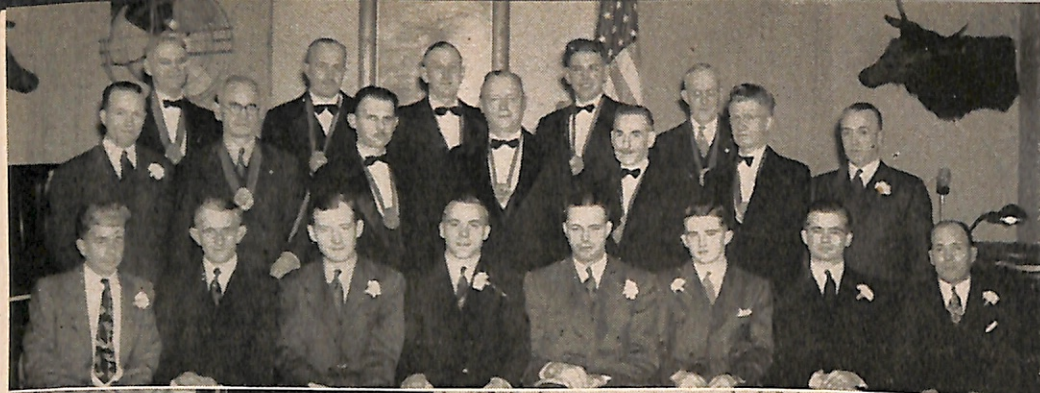
The next morning Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland entrained for Oneida, N. Y., where he was met by a large reception committee from Oneida Lodge No. 767 which included E.R. Edward R. Haskell and P.E.R.'s Stephen McGrath, (Continued on page 52)



Above, left: The Grand Exalted Ruler is shown with officers of Watkins Glen, N. Y., Lodge when he visited there recently.

Left: Gov. Frank M. Dixon, D.D. Harry K. Reid and the Grand Exalted Ruler are shown during Judge McClelland's visit to Birmingham, Ala., Lodge.

RECENTLY INITIATED ELKS



**(Upper Left)
Billings,
Mont.,
Lodge**



**Perry,
Ia.,
Lodge**



**Three Rivers,
Mich.,
Lodge**



**Saginaw,
Mich.,
Lodge**



**Middletown,
N. Y.,
Lodge**



**Newton,
Kans.,
Lodge**

On this and the pre-
ceding page are
shown classes of
candidates recently
initiated into the
Order. Many are
shown with their
lodge officers



(Upper Right)
Hamilton,
Ohio,
Lodge



Fort Morgan,
Col.,
Lodge



Faribault,
Minn.,
Lodge



Knoxville,
Tenn.,
Lodge



Bluefield,
W. Va.,
Lodge



Warren,
Ohio,
Lodge

Tank Four

(Continued from page 7)

The first time, the shovel did not reach far enough to lie across the fence. It came back as he pulled. The second time it caught. But when his weight went on, the shovel pulled through. The fence was chain-link fencing. It was elastic. It gave and slanted inward toward the tank as strain came upon it. It released the shovel every time.

Tom Hudder tried it out thoroughly. Six times the shovel caught, and six times it came away as his weight went on the rope. The seventh time, apparently the shovel caught close to a fence-post, where the elasticity was slight. It held fast. The man put his weight on the rope, and the shovel held. But the rope came toward him. Slowly. Smoothly. Very, very slowly and very smoothly. The rope was sliding along the work-polished shaft of the shovel-handle. The handle of the shovel was straight, and it had been polished by his own calloused palms.

He pulled grimly. At the very end of the handle, the wood swelled. The handle was a shade thicker at the end. Maybe—maybe!—the rope wouldn't pull over that swelling.

It almost did not. It seemed to hold. But as Tom Hudder essayed to swarm up it swiftly, the rope jerked free and fell. The shovel remained above.

He was then in the bottom of the pit with only the rope, and the water pouring in. Of course, if he could swim until the water-level reached its normal position near the top of the tank, he could reach up and find a hand-grip, and ultimately pull himself over the edge to safety. But it would be eight hours. Seven, anyway. And he could not swim in icy water for that long. Nobody could.

Tom Hudder coiled the rope. With hands that shook a little, he made a loop in its end. He heaved it up. It went over the edge. But the loop was not open as it went out of sight. The rope came back easily. He tried a second time. A third . . . A fifth . . . A twentieth . . .

The water was at his waist. It was less easy to throw the rope. He couldn't get a swing, and the rope was water-soaked and heavy.

By the time the water reached his chest, he had managed to get the rope over the edge of the tank just thirty-two times, but only three times had the loop actually been open as it went out of sight. He'd been gambling on a possible catch on the six inches of each fence-post which

projected above the wire fence. He'd lost. On the last six tries, he'd even failed to get the rope to the top of the wall. The water was too high to allow him any sort of swing.

He stood still, breathing heavily. The stream poured water into the tank. Five hundred gallons a minute. So much! And so horribly little! It would take eight hours for the tank to fill so he could hope to catch the rim of the tank from the water. And he couldn't swim eight hours. But one hour had gone. Nearly two. He wasn't swimming yet. That left six hours to swim. But he couldn't swim six hours, either.

The water reached his shoulders. He saw the squirrel, terribly weary, in a corner of the tank. The nearest corner. The concrete walls came together at an accurate right angle. The squirrel tried desperately to make of that angle a foothold. It failed.

Tom Hudder breasted his way there. He tried it. He tried to brace his shoulder against one wall, and his feet against the other, so that he could support himself without swimming all the time. He would have to swim now and again to change his hold as the water rose. And sometimes to keep warm. But it would help to be able to rest.

He could not. The walls were coated with a thin film of greenish algae. Under water, they were slippery. He could not hope to find a grip for his feet or shoulders.

The water lapped at his chin. Tom Hudder stripped off his boots and

his trousers. The squirrel came paddling desperately toward him. It was worn out. Exhausted. Its only hope was the implacable enemy of its kind. It clambered to his shoulder and then struggled desperately to a perch atop his head. It hung there, quivering.

Tom Hudder said grimly, "You got five minutes rest there, fella. Then both of us are up against it."

He needed to stand on tiptoe. He stood on tiptoe. The squirrel trembled. Four, square, vertical walls, reaching upward no more than fifteen feet above the water's surface. Blue sky above that. The splashing of the inflowing stream. It was loud. It echoed and reechoed between the walls of the tank. There was no other sound.

The water lapped at the man's lips. He said tonelessly, "Fella, we're in the same hole. I got to swim. If you can stick with me, y'welcome. Y'won't make much difference. But I got to swim."

He drew up his feet under him and pushed against the wall. The slow kicking motion sent him sweeping out past the center of the pool. He made two swimming motions with his arms. His every move was deliberate and slow. After a little, he approached the opposite wall. He swung about deliberately. Again he thrust with his feet against the concrete wall. He moved back toward the side of the tank from which he had started.

The squirrel had been dislodged by his first effort. Now it swam doggedly after him.

The grind had begun. The man's face was set. He had to keep afloat for at least six hours—probably more—before the water in the tank would have risen to a point where he could hope to reach up to a handhold on the top of the tank. He would not be able to last so long. But he set himself deliberately to conserve his strength; to extend off exhaustion; to extend to the last possible second the time in which he could stay afloat. This regular, monotonous beating back and forth across the tank kept him afloat with vastly less exertion than any fashion of normal swimming would have done. He experimented doggedly to find the least thrust which would carry him farthest toward the other side-wall, and the least movement of his arms which would keep him afloat until that other wall was reached. As long as he moved, he could keep afloat. But he had found



that he, as an individual, could not float in fresh water.

The squirrel swam hopelessly.

The sun shone down into the tank. Even through the water, it seemed, the man could feel some little of the warmth of its rays. The water was intensely cold, but very clear. He could bury his face in it and see every inch of the submerged portion of the tank. Curious flickerings of light played everywhere—sunlight diverted by the ripples of the waterfall. He could see the innumerable bubbles of air, carried down by the falling water, sparkling with a gem-like fire as the sunlight struck them under the surface. He could see the rope floating in a curious languid coil like some exotic submarine growth. He saw his shirt spinning in a sort of eddy below the fall, and then saw it carried upward by bubbles which it had entrapped.

BACK and forth, and back and forth. The squirrel, swimming feebly, scratched his arm as he turned against the wall. It struggled desperately to clamber atop his body as he went by. He left it behind. On his next return, he deliberately swerved. The sharp little claws dug into his skin and found a foothold.

But it clambered, terrified, to his head and clung there, its tiny claws digging into his scalp. If it had been willing to remain awash, clinging to the relatively insensitive flesh of his back, he could have endured it. But its instinct and terror demanded that it get wholly out of the water. And even the few ounces of its weight upon the man's head was a burden.

After two trips across the tank and back, he shook his head. The claws dug deeper. He submerged his head, and the squirrel swam free again. He muttered, "Sorry, fella," and went grimly on the monotonous beat back and forth, from one side of the tank to the other. He began to feel cold.

Back and forth, and back and forth, like a caged animal. But a caged animal can rest. He could not. He saw the squirrel fighting valiantly but hopelessly against a surface-current which moved toward the waterfall. He saw his shirt, buoyed up by many bubbles caught under its fabric, floating in the same current toward the falling column of water.

Back and forth, and back and forth. The squirrel, fighting desperately, went under the waterfall. On the next trip across the man saw his shirt vanish also.

Somehow, even in his own hopeless predicament, he felt a little stab of regret about the squirrel. But he was cold. If he could have stayed still in the sunlight, even submerged, he would not have suffered so much. His body would have warmed a little layer of water next to it. But now, swimming as he must, ever-fresh, ever-icy water flowed past him constantly, and every drop extracted a little of the heat from his body. He began to feel stiff. Shooting pains

began to disturb him. They would be cramps coming, perhaps.

He saw the squirrel, fighting feebly and without hope. Somehow, despite the torrent of water that had carried it under, it had made its way back to the surface again. The man felt a little surge of admiration for its gameness. But he went back and forth, and back and forth, and the icy chill of the water went deeper into him. He estimated the height of the walls. Ten feet at least. He couldn't last.

He wasn't exhausted yet. Not at all. He was tired, to be sure, but the chill was much worse than fatigue. If he could afford to exercise vigorously, he could warm himself. But that would tire him and so hasten the time when he could not swim at all.

The squirrel saw a floating thing and struggled toward it. His shirt. He saw the little animal catch its paws in the cloth and drag itself toward the bubbles which, caught under the wetted cloth, presented an appearance of floating substance.

Across and back. Across and back. The squirrel tried desperately to get out of the water and up on the top of the rounded bubbles which offered the illusion of security. It was entangled in Tom Hudder's shirt. As it struggled toward the bubbles, they parted and disappeared. They escaped from under the edge of the cloth. The squirrel floundered in the submerged fabric.

"Y'crazy, fella," said Tom Hudder between his teeth. "If y'only had sense, now—"

He was horribly, terribly cold. His muscles would soon be too stiff to respond to his will. He must exercise—and so hasten the time of his drowning—to prevent the knotting of his muscles by the cold, which also would hasten the time of his drowning.

"A'right," said Tom Hudder. "I got to get warm somehow, anyways."

He broke the unbearably monotonous rhythm of his ceaseless beat between the two walls. He swam toward the entrapped squirrel. It lay quiescent as his hand closed upon it.

"Look-a-here, fella," said Tom Hudder, between chattering teeth. "Like this—"

He splashed more bubbles under the shirt. He knotted the ends of the sleeves, keeping himself afloat by a vigorous treading of water—which was agony because of the cold.

"An' now like this—"

He lost his balance in the water.



He tended to drag the shirt under. But the bubbles he had imprisoned in the sleeve did not submerge. They were buoyant. They held him up. Not much, but a little. And Tom Hudder—with the squirrel clinging with terrified strength to his scalp—Tom Hudder stared blankly at his shirt, floating before him in the water with its wetted, inflated sleeves looking like sausages. And then he said disgustedly, "Oh, for Gawd's sake!"

He worked busily for a while. Then he took the squirrel from his head and said severely. "Fella, if you claw a hole in that cloth an' puncture your life-raft, you're a dumb fool! Wait here a minute."

He put his face under water, to see. Then he dived. He swam vigorously back to the surface, dragging behind him the sodden trousers he had discarded a long while since. He felt that he had strength and to spare, now, but his expression was disgusted as he tore off strips of fabric with his teeth, and then tied the ends of the trouser-legs tight, and splashed and splashed—to drag bubbles under water—and gradually inflated the trouser-legs.

The cloth was moderately heavy, and it was wetted. And just as flimsy cotton, once it is wet, holds air for "water-wings" with which children learn to swim, so the legs of Tom Hudder's trousers formed unbeautiful pneumatic floats to hold him up. He sat comfortably, upheld in a sort of saddle formed by the portion of the trousers normally about his waist.

He paddled to a sunny corner, dragging the shirt and the squirrel after him.

BEFORE sundown, he could see tree-tops over the end of the tank. By dusk, looking the long way, he could see the top of the fence set six feet back from its edge. Before night had settled down with deep clouds hiding all the stars, he reached upward and caught the rim of the tank. He tossed the squirrel to safety. He heaved up his shirt. He thrust his trousers—which had been his life-float—to solid ground. He had even saved his boots, which he had dived for when he needed exercise for warmth. Then he hauled himself to safety.

He looked for the squirrel. It had fled. Once on solid ground, all its inherited fear of man had come back. It had darted off somewhere in the darkness.

"Ungrateful little son-of-a-gun," said Tom Hudder, without resentment.

He made a fire, with matches from the pocket of the coat he'd left hanging on the fence when he went down into the tank. He warmed himself and dried his garments. He had just re clothed himself when he felt a drop of rain. He held out his hand experimentally. Another drop.

"Huh!" said Tom Hudder. "Just my luck! I'm goin' to be soakin' wet before I get home!"

One If By Land —

(Continued from page 19)

"If I see that fancy yacht hat around here again," Pa said, "I'm going to dint a pair of ice tongs over it."

"Before you do," Ma said, "you better be sure your head's tougher'n a frying pan, because there's going to be a contest between 'em."

Nellie figured she would have to make up her mind before much longer, or her own family would founder on this rock of discord. She thought about it all the calm, sun-filled afternoon while she washed out some clothes and hung them on the line in the backyard. High overhead man-o-war birds were passing in an endless stream, headed north and flying steadily. The storm must sure be coming this way, Nellie thought.

The radio that night was full of reports about it. It was due to strike Key West sometime during the night, and it was a humdinger. If it kept right on the way it was headed it would hit Rowboat Key late the next afternoon. Residents of the beaches and keys were warned to head for high land.

"We'll see what they know 'bout it in the morning," Pa said.

Ma said, "If it's still coming, I'm going to Bradenton."

Mr. Milo Martin said, "I'll drive you over first thing after breakfast. I don't mind a bit of wind, but I don't aim to set out here and be drowned."

"There's already a pretty good tide," Pa said. "The boys are all taking their boats around to the bayou tonight, so I reckon Nellie won't have company this evening."

"She can set and talk with me," Mr. Martin said. "One place I ain't, is in a boat."

The first of the wind began sometime during the night, and by the time Nellie was out of bed the next morning it was blowing pretty hard. When she heard the front door bang she thought it was the wind, but then she heard Brad shouting, "Hey, Nellie! Hey, Mrs. Crocker! The bridge is out!"

There were a few seconds of such quiet that Brad almost decided he was alone in the house. Then the place erupted people. Ma came from the kitchen and Pa from the bathroom and Nellie and Mr. Milo Martin from their respective bedrooms. "What in tarnation you shouting about?" Pa demanded.

"The bridge is out!"

"You're a durn liar,"

Pa said. "It's hardly blowing yet."

"Wasn't wind; it was the tide got it."

"You're a durn liar," Pa said again, but without conviction this time.

Then the front door banged open again and Tom Perkins was there. He said, "The bridge is out. I come to take Nellie to the mainland in my boat. We better hurry before the wind gets worse."

"No need for you to hurry," Brad said. "Nellie's going with me."

"She's going with Tom," Pa said. "All of us are going with him."

"No, we ain't," Ma said. "We're going with Brad. You think I want to drown in that rotten old fishtrap Tom Perkins calls a boat?"

Manners kept Tom from venting indignation on his prospective mother-in-law, but Pa had no such need for restraint. "B'God!" he shouted. "It's the best launch on Rowboat Key! 'Tain't painted up to look like a horse on a merry-go-round, but it's got the soundest bottom. And the best man in it! I wouldn't trust my life to nobody in a white yacht hat!"

"Your life ain't worth saving," Ma said, "but my conscience would hurt me if I didn't. So you're going to come with me and Nellie and Brad."

A gust of wind whipped through the open door and snatched the Spanish shawl from the living-room table and wrapped it around Pa's head, muffling his reply. Nellie said, "Whichever boat we go in, we better go quick."

"I'll get my car," Mr. Milo Martin

said. "It'll get us to the bayou faster'n walking."

Nellie rode in the front seat with Mr. Martin, and Pa and Ma rode in the back; Brad clung to one running board and Tom to the other. The wind was blowing in a steady, flat stream like an invisible river flowing over the island. The cocoanut palms leaned gracefully before it and the Australian pines bent far over, whimpering as though they were in pain. Mr. Milo Martin had to struggle with the wheel to keep the car on the road. Palmetto fronds and the leaves of seagrasses whipped past them.

"Which one of these fellows you going with, Nellie?" Mr. Martin asked. He had to yell to make himself understood and no one else heard him at all.

"I don't know," Nellie said miserably.

What she did know was that, finally, she had to make a choice. She couldn't go with both of them, so she would have to pick one. It would have to be a public choice too, because everybody would know about it. Whichever one she went with, it would be just the same as promising to marry him.

There were a lot of people along the edge of the bayou. Some were preparing to leave in launches; others had simply come to watch or to make sure their own boats were fast against the approaching storm. In the bayou the water was still calm, but beyond the opening in the mangroves whitecaps jitterbugged in the bay, and two launches were visible, pitching heavily as they made their way toward the mainland.

Mr. Milo Martin, stopping his car at the bayou's edge, looked out into the bay and made a strange, groaning noise. "I'm seasick," he said huskily.

No one paid him the slightest attention. Pa and Ma were already piling out of the back seat, and as Nellie got out of the front Brad clutched her right wrist and Tom clutched her left one.

"This way," Brad said.

"Over here," Tom said.

Ma caught hold of Brad, helping him pull. Pa caught hold of Tom. They swayed first to right and then to left, and Nellie, it seemed, was in danger of being drawn and quartered. Then Brad released her and leaped for Tom, swinging at his jaw.

After that, it was



"Did you ever stop to think how beautifully equipped we are to send Bundles to Germany?"

chaos. Commercial fishermen laid into the nearest guides, and the guides pitched into the commercial fishermen. Nellie got a glimpse of Brad and Tom in the full flood of the fight, separated from one another now but swinging lustily at whoever was nearest. Ma was swinging her pocketbook about her head and moving through a clump of commercial fishermen like a scythe through a field of grain. A commercial fisherman got Nellie by the arm and said, "Over this way," and a guide bowled him over with the butt of a fishing rod.

Nellie and Mr. Milo Martin were crowded back to the dock's edge. Nellie never quite knew how it happened. Somebody must have bumped against her, or maybe she just stepped back too far, but all at once there wasn't anything under her feet. She went down and backward, turning a cartwheel as she fell.

Mr. Milo Martin began to shout for help. In the confusion nobody heeded him, but both Brad and Tom had seen Nellie fall and they started toward her. Half way to the dock's edge, however, their paths crossed. It was the first chance they'd had at one another since the fight started; they both knew that Nellie could swim like a ladyfish anyway. And now the way they laid into one another made the rest of the fight look like a rehearsal.

At the dock's edge, still jumping up and down and shouting, Mr. Martin realized he wasn't going to get any help. He looked down at the water and his face turned a pale green. He wavered—but not for long. He shut his eyes, grasped his nose and hurled himself stomach-first into the bayou.

A little more than a normal lifetime later he floundered into shallow water, half carrying Nellie and half being carried by her. They waded onto the beach, and after gasping there for a while Milo headed for his

car. "Where you going?" Nellie asked.

"Back to the house," Milo said. "Maybe the gulf's going to rise up and drown me there, but at least I ain't fool enough to go meet it. Not again."

"I think I'll go with you," Nellie said.

Meanwhile the battle continued to rage alongside the bayou. Tom and Brad had been separated again, and Tom, seeing nothing of Nellie or Brad, decided he had lost; so he and Pa deserted the fight and set out for the mainland. A few minutes later Brad struggled from under a pile of commercial fishermen and saw Tom's launch heading out into the bay. He sighed at what he thought was his rival's victory, persuaded Ma to give up the fight, and took her to Bradenton and safety.

The storm struck with full force early that afternoon, sooner than had been predicted. By the next morning it had made its way north, but the water in the bay remained too rough for crossing until late afternoon. The rain was still falling but Pa and Ma and Tom and Brad ignored it. They made their way in a soggy and frightened group toward the Crocker house.

"She must be all right," Brad said. "Don't look like the water ever got very high."

"But maybe something happened and she drowned there in the bayou," Ma whispered.

They had been over that a thousand times already; they assured her again it would be impossible to drown Nellie.

"Maybe the house blew down on her," Ma persisted.

"It couldn't!" Pa said. "I built it myself. It's the strongest house on the island. There!" They had turned the corner and through the rain and gathering darkness they could see the pleasant glow of lighted windows.

They rushed forward. They clat-

tered up the steps and Pa flung open the door and they all poured in, water dripping from them. Nellie was sitting on the sofa beside Mr. Milo Martin and before she could move Ma had clasped her wetly to her bosom. "You're safe!" she cried.

Nellie freed herself and summoned a blush. "Me and Milo have a surprise for y'all."

"You were hurt!" Ma cried.

"We was married," Nellie said.

Consternation held them silent. They took turns staring at her and at Milo and at each other. "You was what?" Ma said weakly.

"Married," Nellie said. "Preacher Thomas stayed on the island during the storm, and he married us."

Brad and Tom gaped down at Milo. "But him?" Brad said. "How come him?"

"He's a hero," Nellie said. "He saved my life. He dived into the bayou to rescue me—while the rest of y'all was too busy fighting to care if I drowned or not."

"That—that mechanic! He rescued you, and you the best swimmer on Rowboat Key?"

"I hit my head when I fell and I was knocked unconscious."

Tom said, "But I didn't even know Milo could swim."

"He can't," Nellie said. "That's what makes him a hero. And besides, I love him."

Ma recovered quicker than the rest. "If you love him," she said, "a woman can put up with anything."

"And we're going on a honeymoon, Ma! We're going on a trip!"

Mr. Milo Martin spoke for the first time. "After the bridge is built; so we can drive off this place without bothering with a boat."

"After the bridge is built," Nellie said. "And Ma! You know where we're going on our honeymoon?"

"Where?"

"To the Painted Desert! Milo says there ain't a drop of water within five hundred miles of the place!"

Shadows in the Pool

(Continued from page 9)

floated back down under the tree. For a moment he lay there, then shot out directly under the lynx. The tufted-eared cat dipped a lightning-like paw. But the big trout knew from long experience exactly how far a lynx can reach into the water, and he swam by, scarcely a fraction of an inch beneath the cat's hooked paw. Again he swam upstream, and again darted out under the lynx. Tiring of the play, he went to the bottom of the pool and rose to gulp down a deer mouse that had foolishly decided to swim across.

The moon rose, painted the surface of the pool and the forest that flanked it with a mellow, lemon light. A horned owl flew over the pool and picked up a rabbit on its opposite bank. He carried his prey to the trunk of a pine tree which overhung

the pool and tore it to pieces while the big trout rose to the surface to suck in the two small pieces which the owl dropped.

With the moonlight, the shadows—each one of which must be seen and interpreted for what it was—again appeared on the surface of the pool. The big trout swam about a little, then rose to the surface and fanned his fins just enough to keep his place in the gentle current. He watched the lynx, furious because he had missed the big trout, slap wildly at a half-dozen other fish.

Then the lynx rose and walked ostentatiously up the tree into the forest. Five minutes later, crouching close to the tree trunk, he came sneaking back. Again he placed his broad face close to the water and dangled his padded paw over the log.

A fifteen-inch trout rose to a fly at the end of the tree. The lynx's paw flashed, and came out of the water with the trout clutched in it. Carrying the trout in his jaws, his stump of tail erect, the lynx walked triumphantly up the tree.

Five minutes later the mink that had gone upstream a little while ago, crawled out on the end of the tree. For a space he flattened himself against it, studying the pool with bright, beady little eyes. Then he took to the water and an arrow-shaped ripple spread over the pool as he swam across it.

The moon began to wane and the big trout felt the press of hunger. He swam upstream to the flat rock at the foot of the riffles and waited there. For half an hour no food he wanted floated by. He returned to

the pool, and with his nose rooted among the stones at the bottom. The big trout turned up and ate a dozen larvae of the stone fly. But they did not satisfy his hunger.

Again he swam surlily through the pool. With a sudden rush of water he darted at a couple of nine-inch trout that were loitering at the end of the tree. He stopped just short of them. They were food, but he craved some of the tidbits to which his royal palate was accustomed.

A single sweep of his mighty tail sent him halfway across the pool. From there he lunged into the shallows at the pool's edge, where fingerlings swarmed by the hundreds. His huge jaws gaping wide, the big trout charged through the shallows, sucking in and gulping down the little minnow-like fish.

The first wan streaks of dawn showed in the sky. The big trout went back to deep water and made ready for another charge into the shallows. The water swirled as he plunged through it, and his broad back cut the surface. Frantic with fear, the fingerlings tried to get away from him.

Then a dark, sinuous form that had cast no shadow on the water, and had not been seen because it had concealed itself behind a tree, slid from the bank and launched itself at the trout.

It was the hunting otter. His teeth closed on the big trout's back.

THE big trout bent his mighty body in a semi-circle, and straightened out again. That broke the otter's hold on his back, and left the trout free to dart back into the deep pool. Swimming only fast enough to follow the progress of the trout, the otter glided smoothly after him. The big trout made straight for the moss in the bottom of the pool, and tried to hide himself by sinking into it.

The otter routed him almost immediately. The trout left the moss, and raced to the head of the pool. He swam so swiftly and in such wild panic that he cast himself up into the riffles. The otter pounced and darted after him, almost pinning him down before the trout managed to

splash back again, down into the pool.

The rest of the trout sped frantically out of the way as their king and his challenger charged the length of the pool and back again. But the otter had eyes for no fish save the big one. He knew from the first encounter in the shallows that the trout would be no easy thing to subdue and kill. But he knew also that the trout's wild plunging and swimming must eventually tire him out. And he was aware that he could kill this big trout just as he had hunted down and killed dozens of others nearly as big.

The big trout plunged to the foot of the pool, and again brought up in the riffles. The Fall rains had not come yet, and until the water rose the creek would be too shallow for the big trout to leave the pool. His size that had made him king, now bade fair to bring him death. If he was able to swim either up or down stream, he might have escaped the otter.

Some of the reason and intelligence that had enabled the big trout to attain this size began to drive out blind fear and terror. He swam into the moss, stayed there until the otter overtook him, and darted out to swim around the otter back into the moss.

But the otter could also play this game. The fifth time the trout swam into the moss, the otter waited instead of immediately following him out. They came together, and if it had not been that the water about the moss was a little roiled, the otter would have caught the trout then.

Again the big trout took to plunging up and down the pool. He was using all his caution and wits now. But he was also tiring and beginning to feel the strain. No matter where he went, or how he turned and dodged, the otter was never far behind him.

The sun rose, and again shadows dappled the pool's stony floor. Trying to escape the otter, the trout still instinctively watched them, tried to place each one for what it was.

Finally, in desperation, he swam under the leaning tree. He had not gone there before because it was his

last refuge, the place he would try when all others had failed him. Wearily he lay under the trunk, fanning his fins and working his gills.

The otter rose up beneath him, fastened grinding teeth in the big trout's side. The trout rolled over and over, plunging towards the bottom of the pool and taking the otter with him. But the otter hung on with leech-like tenacity. The big trout's struggles grew weaker, almost ceased. He felt himself being borne toward the top, and gasped as his head broke water.

Then another shadow fell across the pool. With his last remaining strength the big trout plunged wildly, slapping his great tail up and down. Under the leaning tree the pool was beaten into froth. Grimly intent, holding on with all his strength, the otter gave every ounce of energy to retaining his hold on the big fish he had caught.

Then, unaccountably, the big trout felt the otter's hold relax. The jaws that held him loosed their grip. The big trout sank weakly to the bottom of the pool and lay gasping there.

ON the surface of the pool, Jem Creed knelt in his canoe and looked at the otter, that he had lanced through the neck with his fishing spear. Jem had heard the furious commotion, and had looked there to see the otter and the big trout locked together. It had been only a second's work to spear the otter—a much more valuable prize than the trout.

Jem's eyes glowed as he held the otter at arm's length and stroked its glossy fur. Of all the food the woods offered him, he liked big brook trout best. But of all the pelts on his trap line, the otter was by far the most precious. This one meant much sugar and flour for his trapping cabin, many cartridges for his rifle.

Jem looked at the pool, his simple face shining with gratitude toward something that had done him an exceptionally good turn. He raised a hand in salute to the big trout.

"Thank you," he said simply. "Thank you for this otter pelt. To show that I am grateful, I will let you live in peace here forever."

Guns and the Wind

(Continued from page 14)

—prisoners chained by duty in a dungeon which might at any moment sink to the bottom of the sea.

These ships of war had been about to cannonade each other, to ram and board, close-locked in combat. And now they still fought—but involuntarily. Wind and sea took charge of the ramming now, hurling vessel on vessel. Caroming off other ships, the crippled *Nipsic* was swept toward the shore reef. Vainly she tried to use a gun as an anchor. She was doomed. But by great good fortune it was a stretch of sand bar, not coral, she struck. Of two boats low-

ered, the first sank at once. The second lived long enough in that angry sea to capsize near shore where Samoans dragged the sailors from the surf. Other natives got a line aboard the wreck, pulled a hawser ashore and made it fast to two trees. Hand-over-hand, survivors of the crew won their way to safety.

Marked next for destruction by the hurricane was the *Adler*. Down on the reef she was borne. A huge wave seized her, and she soared high like the eagle for which she was named. Yet as she rose on its crest, Captain Fritze with magnificent seamanship

slipped her moorings and dropped her on the sand bar. The shock broke her back, and she keeled over on her side, raging seas drowning twenty of her crew. A quartermaster managed to swim ashore with the word that sixty men, many of them injured, were still aboard. These and others were later saved by valorous Samoans, their enemies. When a small reward was offered, one native proudly replied, "I have saved three Germans. I make you a present of them."

One desperate hour heaped on another. The furious wind, never abat-

ing, blew with an ever increasing might. The seething sea, strewn with gratings, oars, hammocks and human bodies, dead or still struggling, ran yet wilder. Samoans, peering through the gray murk while the white man's great ships went down one by one, told each other, "The Great Spirit was displeased that they were about to fight. He resolved to settle the contest before it began."

Aboard the tossing *Vandalia*, a sailor, superstitious too, remembered that the ship's black cat had been lost overboard a few days previously—invariable sign of bad luck to come. Now it came with a vengeance as the *Vandalia*, the *Calliope* and the *Olga* buffeted one another like blindfolded men in a battle royal. The British cruiser carried away the American's quarter-gallery with her jib-boom and stove a hole in her stern before she could back off with dangling bowsprit. Captain C. M. Schoonmaker of the *Vandalia*, weak from a head wound, still kept command. His ship, he knew, could not last much longer. Under all the steam his engine room could still give him and his shreds of sails, he ordered her steered for the beach.

Fate said no. The roaring, insatiable winds smashed the *Vandalia*, stern foremost, with frightful impact on the coral reef. Her head swung to starboard and she began to fill and settle. Only then did Engineer Harrie Webster and his faithful force rush up from below on the order to stop engines and abandon ship. They joined the rest of the crew in the rigging. Brave men died in attempts to get a line ashore. Some swam to the nearby *Nipsic*. One or two made it and were saved by a human lifeline of natives; most of the swimmers were dashed to death against the vessel's sides.

Great combers thundered over the *Vandalia*'s weather rail and snatched at the men in the tops. One man was swept overboard twice, each time clutching at cordage and pulling himself back. Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, supporting the exhausted captain, shifted his grip for a moment. In that instant a giant wave broke his hold. The captain vanished but Carlin, carried down through a skylight opening, fought his way back up into the rigging.

Four officers and thirty-nine seamen had perished. While the remainder, almost hopeless, clung for dear life to the rigging, they beheld a ghastly sight in the gathering gloom. The body of a drowned man, washed aboard the bridge, had caught one stiffened arm in a stanchion. There the waves played with the corpse, causing it to dance to and fro in a grotesque rigadon.

Luckier than the *Vandalia* was the German cruiser *Olga*. Battered in collisions, her cables lost, her captain took the same chance Schoonmaker had. Sails set, full steam ahead, he drove her for the beach—and made it.

Anchored out in the fairway of the harbor entrance, the *Trenton* had

taken the full force of the sledge hammer blows of waves and wind. One mighty breaker smashed her wheel, crumpling the helmsman against a gunwale. In vain was relieving tackle rigged—the rudder was broken. The sea foamed in through hawse-pipes which led in on the berth-deck instead of the gun-deck, a grave construction defect which had been called to the attention of the Navy Department, but never remedied. Too late now. Bedding stuffed into the pipes could not long stay the violence of the inrushing floods. All pumps were manned—the crew even bailed with buckets—and still the water rose in the hold, creeping up to the knees of sweating seamen. In hissing triumph over fire, water inundated the boiler room.

"Fires extinguished!" flew the flagship's signal for the few left to read it. While the pumps clanked on, the nearly helpless *Trenton* swung crazily around. Only storm sails and dragging anchors gave her slight reprieve from destruction on the reef toward which she drifted.

It was then that as a last resort the deck force was ordered aloft into the mizzen-rigging to form a human sail. There was a moment of hesitation. Climbing up to a dizzy perch in the teeth of a hurricane, with a strong prospect of being blown into a boiling sea, is enough to try the stoutest heart. A young naval cadet, R. H. Jackson, shouted, "Follow me, boys!" and led the way into the shrouds. Every sailor swarmed up after him. There they clung, the wind pounding their bodies and wrenching at them—a wrestler trying to break another's hold. But that sail of flesh and bone could not be torn away. Its resistance slowly swung the *Trenton* clear of the reef, and down from the tops was wafted the faint sound of a cheer. (The episode has a pleasant sequel. When young Jackson's average in his final examinations at Annapolis fell below a passing grade, the board remembered that day in Samoa and let him through.)

Meanwhile Captain Kane of *H.M.S. Calliope* had come to a desperate resolve. Crashes and near-crashes with other vessels and the ever-threatening reefs convinced him that he must make an attempt to win a way out of the harbor into the open sea. He slipped his cables, called for full steam ahead. The *Calliope*'s engines throbbed and labored. For breathless minutes she seemed to stand stationary. Then slowly, torturingly, she inched seaward.

Ahead in the bottleneck wallowed the *Trenton*. With one jaw of the harbor mouth she formed a narrow strait. Through that passage perilous and the onrushing billows the *Calliope* must steer. Held true on her course, she edged past. And, as she slipped out to sea and safety, Admiral Kimberly led every man on the *Trenton*, on deck and aloft, in a rousing cheer. "We who are about to die salute you," that cheer said. Britons,

answering it, knew it for another pledge of the comradeship between their navy and the American, a comradeship which began when Commodore Josiah Tattnall, aiding the British in a tight spot in China waters in '59, declared, "Blood is thicker than water." So, given God-speed, the *Calliope* steamed out, and the mist closed behind her.

The wind had its way with the *Trenton* now. As, impotent, she was forced back into the inner basin, many a little drama was played out aboard her to the roaring obligato of the storm. On the bridge, Lieutenant R. M. G. Brown, the navigator, offered the only available life-belt to the Admiral and to Captain N. H. Farquhar. When both refused, he tossed it over the rail. Up from below burst the frugal, white-bearded sailmaker, clad only in a shirt and a life-belt and clutching a satchel containing a collection of diamonds he had made in South America. A hilarious shout greeted him; the *Trenton*'s crew could still laugh in the face of death. "The chaplain went about with pious persistency, trying to divert the attention of the men from their surroundings to their Maker, but with scant success." On hearing a sailor swear, the chaplain exhorted him to pray instead. "After the life I've led," the old tar shouted back, "The Lord'd never believe me."

Due to fine seamanship, the American flagship was still afloat and had lost only one out of her crew of 450. But now as dusk lowered its curtain on this day of terror, she approached an apparent climax. Inexorably she was driven down on the half-sunken *Vandalia*.

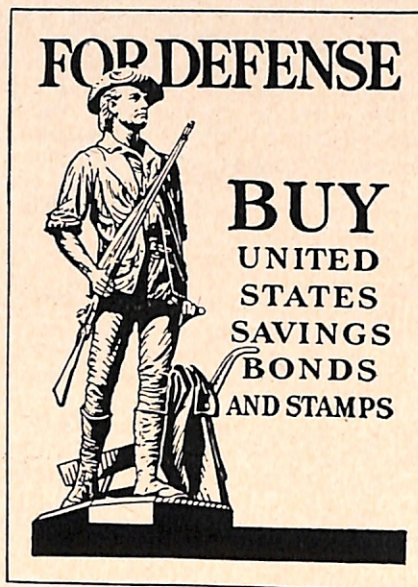
The exhausted men in the *Vandalia*'s tops—they had been clinging there for hours—watched death bear down on them in the shape of their own flagship, watched in aching suspense, so slowly did the looming mass advance. Yet in that very slowness was salvation. It gave the alert crew of the *Trenton* time to act. Suddenly streaks of light pierced the gathering darkness. Rockets with lifelines attached flashed through the rigging of the *Vandalia*, were caught and fastened to hawsers. Hauled back to the oncoming *Trenton* and made fast, these hawsers were the avenue of escape for the human freight of the main- and mizzen-masts, then of the foremast. All hands made their way across before the two vessels struck, and the *Vandalia*'s sticks went by the board.

All that night the flagship banged against the smaller vessel's hull, finally piling up half on her. But the *Trenton*'s gun-deck was still above water when early next morning drenching sheets of rain slackened and the howling tempest quieted at last. At dawn, through seas that still ran dangerously high, the Samoans valiantly accomplished the rescue of the American crews.

Admiral Kimberly mustered the men of his wrecked fleet on the beach. Then was demonstrated the unquenchable American spirit. At

the Admiral's signal, the flagship's band struck up, and the shores rang to *Hail, Columbia*. Those strains would herald a revival of our weakened and obsolescent Navy. From that day of disaster dated renewed attention to our sea power which would eventually progress toward the might of the growing and formidable fleets which patrol our coasts in the present dire emergency.

Admiral Kimberly posted sentries and warned the Germans to keep within their area. He told the German tavern proprietors, "Sell liquor to my men and you will be burned out." Just as tough in the field of diplomacy was Secretary of State James G. Blaine. When American commissioners at a Berlin conference on the Samoan question cabled him that Bismarck was highly irritable, Blaine snapped back, "The extent of the Chancellor's irritability is not the measure of American rights." Thereupon our commission-



ers stood firm on their demands, supported by the British, and the old Iron Chancellor backed down. That was the kind of language he understood—he and others who would follow him. He agreed to abandon aggression and resume joint control of the islands.

The United States and Great Britain would stand together again nine years later when a British squadron in Manila Bay steamed in between threatening German warships and Admiral Dewey's fleet as he prepared to open fire on the Spanish forts. We stood together in First World War which saw Australians capture Samoa from the Germans. We stand together today against not only Germany but the heir to her power in the Pacific—Japan.

The end of that which began so tumultuously in Samoa in 1889 is not yet. But its lesson remains as forceful as ever:—Be strong and be ready! Stand prepared!

No Bets for No. 1

(Continued from page 11)

bartender in the gutter, you never see an undertaker at a colleague's funeral and lawyers don't sue each other. Say, they tell me Ziegfeld got so he wouldn't look at a pretty girl. That's the topper in professional detachment."

Once upon a time Dunne threw away his money as enthusiastically as any giddy plunger. The last gesture he made to a youthhood of betting was a five-dollar investment on Col. Ed Bradley's Boot to Boot in a horse-against-horse wager in the American Derby of 1926 at Chicago. The horse won the \$89,000 race and Dunne collected his five, all right, which was considerably more than Bradley got. Bradley was given a check for \$50,000 and it promptly bounced higher than a golf ball. The check was made good two years later and Bradley, in relief or remembrance, named a foal Bouncing Check. The horse was no better than the first draft on the bank.

Dunne doesn't know for sure when he began to keep steady company with horses, although they tell him he was taken to Churchill Downs in Louisville when he was six weeks old. He does remember seeing the grandstand at Hawthorne Park in Chicago burn to the ground in 1903. That would make him four years old at the time. The fire was something of a family catastrophe, for his father, Pat Dunne, was training horses for his uncle,

Ed Corrigan, who merely happened to own the joint.

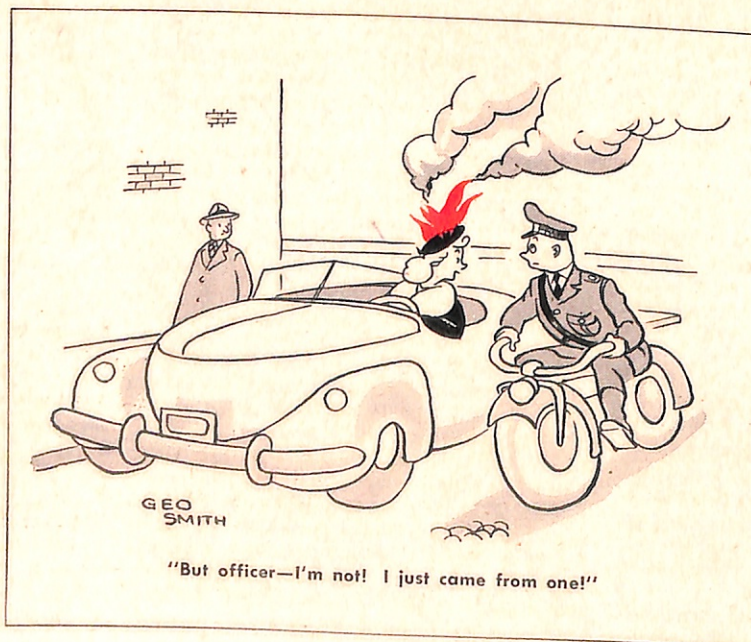
"Uncle Ed always was building things like railroads and racetracks," Dunne mentions casually. "He had a million bucks when he went into racing. I think he got out of it with his watch, but I'm not sure."

This Corrigan was a colorful figure of the mauve decade, a rugged individual of the first water. He won the Kentucky Derby with Riley in 1890 and subsequently owned Hawthorne, Elm Ridge in Kansas City, Ingelside and Tanforan in California and City Park in New Orleans. As stubborn as only an Irishman can be, Uncle Ed precipitated an incident without parallel when he believed he was caught in the middle of a swindle. He bought Huron in 1891 and entered

it in the Belmont Futurity, but the nag's original owner declared the horse out of the race. It was questionable whether the first owner had a right to take such action and Uncle Ed secured a court order forcing the track to recognize his entry. The Coney Island Jockey Club gave him and the court order the back of its patrician neck. Undaunted, Uncle Ed weighed the jockey himself and sent the horse out with a saddle number made in his own stable. Huron ran second to His Highness in a \$70,000 race, for all the good it did Uncle Ed. He was not awarded second-place money and Huron is not listed as the runner-up in the record books.

Dunne was one youngster who did not have to worry about what he was going to be when he grew up. There never was any question that he would follow pappy, Uncle Ed and the horses, and he attended fourteen different schools en route. He even entered the University of Missouri, but he didn't remain there long enough to set up a bookmaking business as did Alfred G. Vanderbilt, another predestined horseman, during his exposure to education at swanky St. Paul's. Besides, the war broke during his freshman year and he enlisted in the Army, having the presence of mind to join up with an artillery outfit near Louisville.

Since Dunne was a buck private it was just



as well for the sanctity of the American home that the Armistice was declared the day his regiment was supposed to leave for France, for he had a talent which verged on virtuosity for making glorious messes of humble jobs. After being mustered out of the Army in 1919, Dunne sold mutual tickets at Hot Springs and Churchill Downs and, through the simple expedient of making mistakes nobody ever had made before, helped perfect a fool-proof system of guarding the receipts.

THE following summer, in 1920, he took out a trainer's license and went into business with his father at Saratoga.

"It is a very sad story," he admits. "I saddled one winner, a juvenile called Old Faithful, and he was entered in a race against Playfellow, a full brother of Man O' War. I didn't think he had a chance and I didn't bet a nickel on him. Naturally, he breezed in at 60 to 1."

The next job which claimed Dunne's divided attention was chief timer at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans in 1921. "I don't like to brag," he adds, "but I was the worst timer ever seen on the turf."

As reward for miffing three jobs, Dunne in 1924 was made clerk of scales at Hawthorne and, much to the surprise of one and all, Dunne attended to his duties with competence and diligence. At least, no horse went out with a small safe under its saddle, and jockeys who had to cut off an arm to make the required weight did not escape his eagle eye.

It was about this time that John B. Campbell, generally recognized as the best racing secretary and handicapper in the country, saw promising possibilities in the bright and brash young man who did not look like a horseman at all. In appearance, Dunne still resembles a former football player serving alma mater as graduate manager of athletics. He is wide in the withers and about eighteen hands high; he affects odd—very—jackets, and upturned hat brims, and a pipe and a smile are habitually stuck on his classic Irish pan. The smile is entirely out of place at a horse plant, where the few inmates who have any reason to be happy are constrained to hide their feelings and wallets from the quick-touch artists.

Renouncing his gambling career, Dunne tied up with Campbell and applied himself to learning the trade of handicapping for official purposes. The Commission secretary and handicapper draws up the fields and assigns the weights which make for close, interesting racing in which every entry has a chance—a beautiful theory even if it doesn't quite work out in practice.

Dunne must have learned his trade well, for he was appointed assistant to Campbell in New York State in 1934. Before that he had begun to sire five fillies and a large measure of respect as an astute and ruggedly honest horseman. He assisted Camp-

bell at Bowie and Tropical Park and two years ago he struck out on his own as the chief secretary and handicapper at Hollywood Park.

As an employee of New York State, which pays him a cushy salary, and the administrative boss of five tracks which need the support of patrons with folding money, Dunne naturally is no anti-betting agitator. "Most people are born gamblers," he observes. "If they run out of horses they'll bet on something else. It might as well be horses."

As a purist, however, the technique of the two-buck bettor gives him the horrors. He sternly frowns upon such common methods as following jockeys on a streak, staying with a post position which seems to be lucky or trusting a pin stuck through the eye of the horse on the cover of the program, a system favored by ladies and other foolish folk who don't care how they lose.

LIKE most of the smart money, Dunne rates horses strictly on past performances. Unlike the wise guys, though, he believes too much attention—and griping—is concentrated on the weights assigned the horses, the old handicapper's headache.

"A horse weighs a thousand pounds," he argues. "Proportionately, a five-pound handicap makes as much difference to it as an added pound will make to a 200-pound man. Or very little. Yet people holler bloody murder when a horse is asked to carry five pounds more than another one."

"Weight makes very little difference to two-year-olds. Maybe it's because they're young and silly and they don't care. A three-year-old and upward is another proposition, although I wouldn't be too sure of that. You see jumpers carrying 165 pounds clear high obstacles and run all day. They jump off one foot, too."

"Here's a radical idea to play around with. Do you know it's mighty suspicious when a high percentage of favorites win? It's easier to fix a race for an 8-to-5 choice than it is for a 20-to-1 shot. To insure the odds-on favorite winning, it usually is necessary to take care of only one or two horses that figure to have a chance. But if a crook wants to put over a coup with a long shot, he's got to fix every horse and jockey in the race. That's dangerous, because somebody is sure to talk out of turn. Fixing a race for the favorite is a comparative cinch—and 8-to-5 still is a better return on your money than you can get at any bank. "Statistics compiled over the years show that thirty percent of all favorites win. If the averages goes much higher, it's time to start sniffing for the odor of dead fish."

"I'd hate to make a living from betting on horses because I don't think it can be done. It's an exaggeration, however, to say that all horse players die broke. That's the same as saying guys who go to the



WHEN STEPPING OUT, REMEMBER

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theatre must die broke. Sure they will, if that's all they do.

"A horse player can have a lot of fun without getting hurt if he bets within his means and with some in-

telligence. At that, the track isn't as tough a racket as other things. I'll never forget a crack Jimmy Walker, then mayor of New York, made to a fellow who said that playing horses

was as risky as the stock market. "Oh, I don't know," Walker answered. 'Stocks go up and down. But I never saw a horse turn around and run the other way.'"

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 10)

of Spice", a chatty, lively travel book, the kind we used to read with relish before the Japs made battlefields of the world's finest gardens.

Although Mr. Clune's book is strictly a travel talk, delightfully informal, it has the advantage of place names which are headlines in current news—Java, Celebes, Macassar, Angkor, Cambodia, Borneo, Bandoeng, Tarakan, Balikpapan and many others. His observations are keen, but scarcely political, and he pictures these places as peaceful centers of trade and culture; places where, in other days, we could indulge in vagabondage as he did.

But an echo of the war creeps in here and there as when in Tarakan, now held by the Japanese, he saw a tanker from Japan loading oil, and he was told it arrived once a month with the same captain, but with a different crew. "It is thought that these crews are Japanese trainees," he was informed—a thought that has since become a bitter realization. Tarakan, a 16-mile island, was stippled with derricks, having 400 wells. The Dutch produced more than 54,000,000 barrels of crude oil from their wells in Borneo, Sumatra and Java, and this has been one of the chief reasons for Japan's aggression in Netherlands India.

For the most part, however, Mr. Clune sticks to the entertaining side of the picture and describes the batik girls of Java, the beauties of Bali and the ancient wonders of Angkor, the city the French laboriously dug up after it had been deserted for 900 years. Mr. Clune's book is one to enjoy for its light cheery style and also for its information of peoples and places in the war despatches of today. (Dutton, \$3.50)

STILL another newspaperman writes of his experiences in Germany and tells us more about the people and their leaders from first-hand knowledge and contact. Walter R. Deuel lived in Berlin for six years as a correspondent and the things he saw and heard are now set down in his "People Under Hitler".

He writes about that which he knows to be true, and consequently his book is packed with information.

His interest in providing his newspaper with the best possible reports about Germany while he lived there, has led him to put down the most shocking facts in an objective manner, without the intrusion of any personal indignation. Take his comment on the sterilization laws. These are supposed to eradicate hereditary diseases and are applied only after thorough investigation and then with secrecy to protect the patient.

That the Nazis have used them to attack their enemies is often said, but Mr. Deuel can only explain what he knows. But he does reveal all the details of the marriage laws, which seem bound with red tape. People desiring to marry have to give much unnecessary information, for instance, on distribution of fat, muscular development, bearing and even the ages at which they learned to walk and talk.

Mr. Deuel believes that the German people have little faith in Hitler's new order, and his characterization of the Nazi leaders is one of the highlights of his book. (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50)

WHEN you read the speeches, sermons and newspaper editorials of 1892-93, you will get the impression that Christopher Columbus was the greatest man who ever lived. Americans were celebrating the centenary of their country's discovery just then; the World's Fair at Chicago was getting under way, and the United States government was inviting all nations to send representatives for the festivities. Columbus was not only a discoverer, he was an

evangelist, and some men suggested that he be canonized. But nothing more was heard about that after the furor died down.

He isn't so important in the news just now and I don't know to what extent readers are willing to trace his voyages and settlements on this continent. But if they do, they will have a most profitable occupation. For Samuel Eliot Morison, the distinguished professor at Harvard who has always been interested in maritime lore, has traced Columbus' voyages in "Admiral of the Ocean Sea", the story of his life.

"The most important landfall in recorded history," according to Mr. Morison, was the discovery of San Salvador by Columbus. Yet few authors have studied the voyages from the sea side. They stopped at the land. Morison's curiosity about the methods and routes of the great admiral led him to trace the voyages at sea. From 1937 to 1940 he made four voyages of rediscovery—two in the Caribbean and two across the Atlantic. The last two were sponsored by Harvard and were made in the 147-foot schooner *Capitana* and the 47-foot ketch *Mary Otis*. Thus Mr. Morison not only did a thorough job of historical research, but he studied the winds and waters at sea, reproduced the conditions of Columbus' voyages, and came to several important conclusions. He found the place where Columbus made his first settlement and he verified the theory that San Salvador, or Watling Island, was the first land visited. In view of the destruction of whole populations of peace-loving Indians by the expeditions of Columbus, Mr. Morison reminds us that it is folly to believe that other nations will let us alone if they covet what we have. (Little, Brown, \$3.50)

STORIES of the sea are thrilling, but stories of war at sea are more than that. When the smoke of many battles has cleared away and victories have been counted, the ship, though she may never reach home, becomes a living tribute to the romance of the sea and of the war itself. Such a ship was the Australian cruiser *Sydney*, and her story is one of the first of this war to be told in "Action at



"I'm from the Fire Insurance Company. They just sent me to tell you, 'I told you so!'"

Sea; The Saga of the Sydney", by George H. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.75)

The *Sydney* never came home and the families of her men never saw them again, but the author has pieced together her history from the testimony of those who knew her. His book serves as a memorial to her heroic action, for it is a fighting story about a fighting ship, and it goes straight through the chronicle of daring to the fatal end.

The Australian cruiser, Captain John A. Collins commanding, was a 6,830-ton ship, seven years old. She began patrolling the Mediterranean in June, 1940, and quickly came to grips with the Italian navy. There was hot work off Bardia, shore batteries to be silenced and the enemy ships to be pursued. And there was the battle of Calabria.

The British ships were hopelessly outnumbered in that, but they remedied this discrepancy. The cruisers opened fire at 20,000 yards and closed in. The men on the *Sydney* worked the guns feverishly, but the smoke was so dense they didn't know whether they were hitting or missing. The battle developed into a chase as the Italians drew off. Some of them went into harbor at Taranto, to fall victims to British dive bombers later on.

On July 19, 1940, the *Sydney* did her big job in the channel between Crete and Greece. It was there that she dispatched the *Bartolomeo Colleoni*, the fastest cruiser afloat. The *Sydney* was hit once—the only direct hit experienced in 88 Mediterranean battles. But "the *Colleoni* was done". Her engine room was destroyed and "almost disintegrated in a great column of flame and smoke, rising 300 feet in the air. . . ." It was at this battle that a British destroyer, "trying to save Italian sailors from the sea, was attacked by Italian planes and had to leave. . . ."

OTHER tributes to bravery at sea are paid in this book, and the sailors and ships of the enemy are given their mead of praise, as rightly they should be. There is one episode of the fight against an Italian destroyer, the *Espero*, which shows with what courage they fought. It is a story which will go down in history as an arraignment against Mussolini for sending such gallant men to their death:

"The Australian ship closed in farther, put a couple more salvos into the stricken ship, now an inferno from the bridge to the quarter-deck and settling low in the water. The *Sydney*, with her guns silent, steamed in to within 4,000 yards. Captain Collins gave orders for the boats to be lowered. Before the order could be obeyed the crew of the *Espero* loosed two torpedoes at the cruiser and again opened fire with guns that were almost surrounded by the flames. The *Sydney* was forced to open fire again.

"The *Espero* men were game to the last. With the only gun that was not

FALSE TEETH

Played "hob" with Daniel Dobb—
But this is how he saved his job

*From door to door trudged Daniel Dobb,
His sample case in hand;*

*Yet all day long he made no sales,
No orders could he land.*

*Alas! his dingy, foul
false teeth
Were more than folks
could stand.*



A dentist said: "Try POLIDENT,
The modern thing to do."

"Although you neither rub nor scrub
Your teeth will 'look like new';

"It brightens smiles; checks Denture Breath;
Is inexpensive too."



Cleans, Purifies Without Brushing
Do this every day: Add a
little POLIDENT Powder
to half a glass of water.
Stir. Put in plate or bridge
10 to 15 minutes. Rinse.
and it's ready
to use.



Dobb did! And now his order file
Is simply overflowing;

His pay-checks, too, are lush and fat;
His bank account is growing.

The lesson? POLIDENT can keep
Your plates clean, sweet and glowing!

CLEAN PLATES, BRIDGES WITH
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As a clause that deserves a place in your will, we suggest the following:—

"I give and bequeath the sum of
Dollars to the Elks National Foundation Trustees of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, a corporation duly established and existing under the laws of the District of Columbia."

The Elks National Foundation is one of the outstanding agencies for good work in our Order. At the time of the Foundation's last annual report, its principal fund stood at \$600,000. Not one penny of this principal can ever be touched. Only the income on the principal can be spent. In the last eight years, the Foundation has expended income totaling \$130,000.

Not one penny of the Foundation's earned income can ever be spent for overhead expenses,—these are borne by the Grand Lodge. ALL of its annual income goes for Scholarships to worthy students, for care of the sick, for healing crippled kiddies, and for other good works.

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disabled she replied to the *Sydney's* fire. Her flag was still flying, her solitary gun was still barking, her commander still directing the attack, when every detail of her decks was obscured by a burst of smoke and steam. She keeled over and sank bow first . . . It is now completely dark, but through that darkness came shouts and screams of men."

The *Sydney* died, disappeared, was never seen again. Her officers and men, 645 of them, died with her. Only a few survivors from the enemy's ship lived to tell the tale—the *Espero* went down, too.

FAIRFAX DOWNEY has a deep, personal interest in the history of the western plains and especially of the military campaigns waged against the Indians when the land was young. For his father was the late Brig. Gen. George F. Downey, U. S. A., and his grandfather, Capt. George Mason Downey, later major by brevet, served in the Army of the West on the plains from 1861 to 1888. It is to this grandfather that Fairfax Downey has dedicated his book, "Indian-Fighting Army", which describes the Indian campaigns for a generation that seems to be forgetting about them.

Downey has himself a military record. He was born in Salt Lake City in 1893, and was graduated from Yale in 1916. His newspaper work and writing of books has been done entirely in the East, and he is wellknown for his books on Richard Burton, "Arabian Nights Adventurer"; Richard Harding Davis and Charles Dana Gibson, as well as for "Disaster Fighters," which contains

articles published in *The Elks Magazine*. He was a member of the 12th Field Artillery, 2nd Division, U. S. A., and captain of the 31st Field Artillery when the war ended. By that time he had garnered a citation for brave conduct at Belleau Wood.

He has recently been recommissioned as a Major in the Armed Forces. An article by Major Downey appears elsewhere in this issue.

THE story of what happened on the western plains when the Indians were wild enlisted Downey's interest long before he wrote about it. He understood how these military campaigns were conducted. He put his knowledge into "Indian-Fighting Army." There he tells of the hard work of preparation and the handicaps suffered by government ignorance of western conditions. He also shows that the troopers did not despise the Indian. They recognized him as a tough customer, a wary fighter who made long and unexpected rides to surprise his enemy. Downey believes that the Indians were often abused by the settlers and takes the historical view that the battle of the Little Big Horn, in which Custer was defeated, came about because the Indians were cut off from the hunting grounds which they needed for their provisions. The soldiers were often Indian killers, but once murder was done there were so many reprisals that the actual blame could not be placed.

"Though the American soldier was more scrupulous than the American civilian," writes Downey, "the army's hands were not entirely clean." He says some of the military

commanders wanted to see the Indians exterminated. But commanders did try to parley before starting shooting. If the parleys failed, the troops fought fiercely.

The tendency of his report is to enhance the reputation of the leaders, some of whom were subject to detraction in the years after the Indians were out of the way. Downey speaks of Gen. Crook as "one of the finest soldiers who ever served in the army", and praised his campaigns against the Sioux and the Apaches. He has good words for Custer, Miles and even Col. William F. Cody, whose career as a showman obscured his earlier service with the troops. Downey's book gains from illustrations by Remington, Schreyvogel and other artists. (Scribner, \$3.50)

ESPIONAGE rears its ugly head in "They Tell No Tales", but this time to the complete entertainment of the reader. Manning Coles weaves a top-knotch yarn around his hero, Tommy Hambleton of "Drink to Yesterday" and "A Toast to Tomorrow", now back in England, where he exposes a spy ring, solves a murder and puts a stop to the mysterious sinking of ships soon after they leave Portsmouth harbor. (Crime Club, Inc., \$2) . . . Wealthy and eccentric Lydia Courtney swoons at the sight of a painting of sand dunes and Michael Dundas, San Francisco dressmaker and amateur detective, becomes interested. Eventually, the lady is murdered and Michael helps track down the killer in Virginia Rath's "Epitaph for Lydia". A good book for an evening at home. (Crime Club, Inc., \$2)

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 23)

able, however, but how long that happy condition will exist is anybody's guess.

War priorities have had their effect on fishing tackle manufacturers, too. The True Temper people, metal bait and fly rod manufacturers, have substituted plastics for aluminum right through their entire line and, although tackle production is lower because of defense work, this factory will continue to turn out angling gear in reasonable volume.

This outfit has made some interesting substitutions which are working out okay. As previously mentioned, rod handles are now made of plastic, and zinc has been substituted for aluminum in the instance of plunger which hold the reel.



"What's the matter? Don't you like the pie?"

"Truetempaloy", another name for carboloy, which is second to a diamond in hardness, is being used for guides. Agate line guides, formerly cut in Germany, are of course no longer coming over.

One new exhibit at the show which caught all eyes was a transparent rowboat, made of duPont "Lucite", by C. K. Scheuer, of Forest Hills, N. Y. Lucite is the same plastic used on bombers, mosquito boats and for the manufacture of scores of other items, including dental plates.

Scheuer's peek-a-boo craft was put together by hand, and the one-quarter-inch-thick plastic sheets were joined with chrome-plated bronze screws. No cement was used to join the sheets of plastic;

pressure did the trick.

Scheuer figures a plastic rowboat will outlast three wooden boats, and, considering it cost this builder about \$2,000 to produce, it should.

The only metals used in constructing the craft were the aforementioned screws and rowlocks.

"What's the idea of the transparent boat," asked one puzzled female show visitor, "so the fisherman can see what he's fishing for?"

"No," replied a muffled voice from the background, "the idea is to give the fish a good view of the queer fish up on the surface."

Something that interested disappointed gun nuts at the show was the new H & R-Reising .45 caliber sub-machine gun, on display at the New York State Guard booth.

This Cutts' equipped weapon, weighing around five and one-half pounds, shoots the regular .45 caliber pistol ammunition and loads with a 20-shot clip. Rumor is that, along with the new .30 caliber sub-machine gun developed by Winchester, it will be issued to our fighting forces, including the Marines. Looks like a cute little Jap-gentling tool. New York State Guard officers proof-fired several hundred of these lead sprayers without a bobble of malfunction. Can be fired singleshoot or in sustained bursts.

New York's big outdoors extravaganza always is featured by exotic bird and animal displays, but the critter which had the gals in a dither this year was the chinchilla, source of those \$40,000 fur wraps.

This curious looking little animal has the general build of a miniature cottontail rabbit, with a packrat's tail and a squirrel's agility. A pair of breeders only cost a piddling \$2,400, in case you're interested in establishing a chinchilla fur farm, or starting a fur coat for Lambie Pie.

For years hunters and anglers have been deviled by the fish and game disposal problem—an enigma usually solved by giving away everything they brought home which couldn't be used before spoilage set in. With a Jewett Refrigerator Co., Inc., "Arctic Trunk", another sports show sensation, the surplus fish and game question no longer need be a problem.

This fast-freezing unit maintains an automatic temperature ranging from five above to ten degrees below zero. Which means that grouse, ducks, venison or other game can be kept in perfect condition for months and used up at the hunter's convenience. The smallest unit has a three-foot cubic capacity and sells for slightly over \$100. Runs on electricity, same as your kitchen refrigerator.

Fishing camp owners who attended the show generally were optimistic about this season's business, but were wondering what would happen

in 1943. As one famous New Brunswick camp owner remarked, "Most fishermen feel this summer will be their last opportunity to get away on a trip for a long while, and a lot are going, tire shortage or no tire shortage. My summer bookings are about normal to date and I expect to do even better than last season, with luck."

"The people in the fishing camp and resort business who are likely to take a sharp rap this summer are those whose places can't be conveniently reached. The thing that keeps me awake nights is what's going to happen to my business after this season."

The increasing interest in civilian marksmanship was reflected in the large crowds which visited the National Rifle Association's booth at the Palace, and watched several reels of movies, some in slow motion, which showed how rifles and handguns should be shot. This nationwide association of gun lovers got excellent publicity and unquestionably won many new members. Incidentally, all citizens engaged in civilian defense activities and particularly auxiliary police work should join the association. Membership costs only \$3 per year, and includes a subscription to *The American Rifleman*, the shooter's bible.

Production of small-sized hooks, generally used for artificial flies, is off 50 percent. Tackle dealers expect to get through this season without conspicuous shortages, but that's about all they care to predict.

"Next year," remarked one pessimist, "we can figure on going back to bent pins—if any pins are available."

The defense effort continues to bob up in unusual places. Ted Mulliken, whose Connecticut factory turns out the finest commercial decoys in this country, has converted his decoy making plant to the manufacture of sub-machine gun stocks. Mulliken was a heavy blue ribbon winner at this and previous shows with his superb wood, cork and balsa phonies.

New York, Connecticut and New Jersey salt water angling fans got a break when the U. S. Coast Guard set up a booth at the show where salt water fishing permit applications were issued. Candidates were fingerprinted, and these smudges were forwarded to the FBI, in Washington, for a check. Later the boys and gals got their identity cards—one color for citizens, another for aliens. As one old timer remarked, "I never thought I'd see the day when I'd be fingerprinted and mugged for the privilege of catching a mess of flounders!"

Most optimistic exhibitor at the show was the outfit which put a trailer on display. At this time the average Easterner has about as much need for a trailer as a duck

On early Pennsylvania farms the secret of this choice rye whisky was discovered.

BOTTLED-IN-BOND



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SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE

The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the June issue should reach us by April 15th.

has for rubber boots. One show visitor was tempted to buy this traveling bungalow just to get the two new tires. "Besides," he added, "the trailer would make a swell kennel for my bird dogs, and there'd still be plenty of room for me to crawl in if the little woman and I ever had a misunderstanding."

It was a sterling idea, but nothing came of it.

As usual, the State of Maine dis-

play was outstandingly good; in fact, the best ever designed for any sportsmen's rally. The canny Down-easterners know what it takes to lure the visiting firemen; furthermore, they deliver the goods when city slickers hit the Pine Tree State's backwoods.

Commissioner George Stobie, head man of Maine's Fish and Game Department, announced the usual heavy fish plantings and predicted fine sport immediately after the

ice breaks up and thereafter. "Funny thing," he remarked, "that most people come to Maine for the landlocked salmon and trout fishing, but never seem to tumble that we have some of the finest—if not the finest—small-mouth bass fishing in the East."

The Commissioner wasn't exaggerating. Maine does have good bass fishing. But who wants to fish for bass when there are landlocks to be caught? I doubt if you do.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 37)

Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, Judge Ronald J. Dunn, D.D., and Mayor Robert J. Burns. After a sightseeing tour and a visit to Oneida, Ltd., one of the largest manufacturers of silverware in the world, the Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted to the Hotel Oneida where a dinner party, with covers laid for 225, was given in his honor. At eight p.m., Judge McClelland attended the regular lodge meeting and addressed a large group of visiting Elks from the various lodges in the New York, West Central, District, including Newark, Geneva, Seneca Falls, Lyons, Auburn, Syracuse, Fulton, Oswego, Watertown and Lowville. A delegation from Rome Lodge No. 96 was headed by P.E.R. James A. Spargo. After the meeting, Judge McClelland spent the remainder of the evening informally, fraternizing with the many Elks assembled in the lodge home. The next morning he was escorted to his train, en route for Gloversville, N. Y.

Met at Fonda, N. Y., on January 8 by a welcoming committee from Gloversville Lodge No. 226, headed by E.R. Howard A. DeLong and his officers, the Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted to Gloversville and established in a private suite at the Hotel Kingsborough. After a general inspection of the attractive home of the lodge that afternoon, Judge McClelland was tendered a dinner at the hotel, attended by the local officers and many members and also visiting Elks from lodges in the New York, Northeast, District. After the dinner, the party adjourned to the lodge home. During the meeting, P.E.R. Frederick Schrecker, General Chairman of the 50th Anniversary Committee, recommended on behalf of his committee that the three-day program planned to commemorate the golden anniversary of the lodge be dropped and the money which would have been used for the celebration, amounting to approximately \$2,000, be invested in National Defense Bonds. Mr. Schrecker stated that the committee further recommended that a meeting be held on February 12 to commemorate the anniversary and that a letter to those officers and members of the lodge in the year 1952, when the bonds will become payable, be written and addressed to

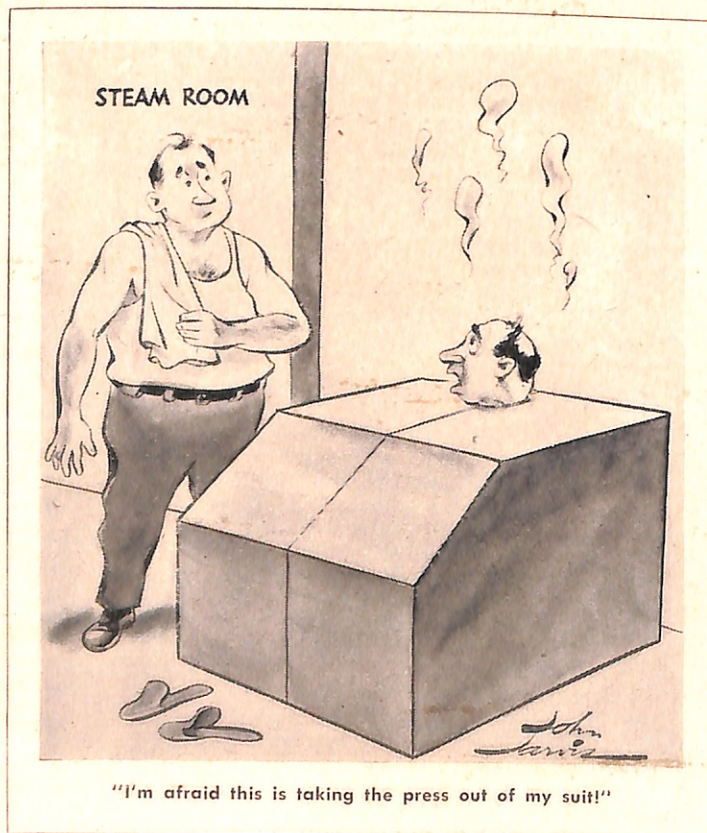
them, directing that the money be used for whatever worthy program they might select. The recommendation was readily adopted by the lodge. Introduced by D.D. Judge John J. Sweeney, of Troy Lodge, Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland delivered an inspiring address in which he paid a tribute to the officers and members for their patriotic action. Upon the conclusion of his speech, he was presented by the Exalted Ruler, Mr. DeLong, acting on behalf of his lodge, with a box of fine gloves manufactured in Gloversville. Among the many distinguished Elks present were George I. Hall, Lynbrook, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Association, Past State Pres.'s Leo W. Roohan, Saratoga, and George W. Denton, Gloversville, former State Vice-Pres.'s W. R. Eger, Schenectady, and H. W. Bennett, Gloversville, and P.D.D.'s Robert J. Walsh and Raymond T. Madden, Schenectady, and Golda H. Douglas, Plattsburg. A buffet supper was served after the meeting.

From New York City, on January 9, Judge McClelland, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan,

of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, and State President Hall, was escorted to the home of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge No. 535, by an enthusiastic delegation headed by E.R. Frank X. Briante and P.E.R. Thomas H. Callahan, D.D. for New York, East. After an informal reception, the distinguished visitors were taken by the officers and members of No. 535 to the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club at Rye, N. Y., where a banquet was given in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler and in celebration of the District Deputy's homecoming. Among the prominent Elks in attendance at the banquet and at the lodge meeting which followed were Grand Tiler Michael J. Gilday, New Rochelle, Samuel C. Duberstein, Brooklyn, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees William T. Phillips, of New York Lodge No. 1, D.D. John F. Scileppi, of Queens Borough Lodge, State Vice-Pres. Dr. Milton B. Shafer, Port Chester, Judge Charles Garrison and former Supreme Court Justice Sidney A. Syme. A large class

of candidates was initiated and addresses were made by Judge McClelland, Judge Hallinan and Mr. Callahan. The Grand Exalted Ruler made a stirring speech on the activities of the Order and its work in behalf of national defense.

Arriving in El Reno, Okla., on Saturday, January 17, the Grand Exalted Ruler was met at the train by Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, P.E.R. of El Reno Lodge No. 743. The two distinguished Elks spent the morning together at Mr. McLean's home in El Reno and then drove to Tulsa, Okla., where they were greeted by a large delegation headed by D.D. E. A. Guise, E.R. R. Rhine and Secy. R. V. Miller of Tulsa Lodge, and D.D. Theo. R. Graves, of Blackwell. Later in the afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler held a conference with Eastern Oklahoma leaders of the Order. In addition to those named above, there were present D. H. Perry, of Enid Lodge, Pres. of the Okla. State Elks Assn., and visiting Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and members from Muskogee, Sapulpa, Shawnee, Bristow, Nowata, Blackwell, Enid and El Reno



Lodges. That evening Judge McClelland was the guest of honor at a banquet and dance in the beautiful home of Tulsa Lodge No. 946. P.E.R. W. B. West was Toastmaster. One of the entertainment features was the singing of "God Bless America" by Donald Pratt, of the Juvenile Home, who is being sponsored by Tulsa Lodge.

The next morning the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Treasurer, escorted by a large delegation, drove to the Will Rogers State Memorial Park at Claremore, Okla., where a memorial plaque was presented by the Order of Elks to the Will Rogers Memorial Commission in memory of Will Rogers who was a life member of the Order. The Memorial stands on the plot of ground, owned by Will Rogers, on which he had intended to build his home when he retired. Presentation of the plaque was made by Mr. McLean. The Governor of Oklahoma, Leon C. Phillips, P.E.R. of Bristow, Okla., Lodge, paid tribute to the memory of Will Rogers, his close friend, and then introduced Judge McClelland and welcomed him to the State. On behalf of the Grand Lodge and the Elks of America, the Grand Exalted Ruler honored the memory of Will Rogers in the principal address of the occasion. Several excerpts from his speech are quoted below:

"Will Rogers was great because of his simplicity. His life achieved nobility because his character was solid and his genius undisputed. He embodied the manly virtues of courage and kindness, gentility and gentleness. He was a champion of the underdog, and you of Oklahoma well know the generous impulses that stimulated his career. Although prone to prick the stuffed shirts and bash the brass hats, he never in his

long and brilliant career said one word that would harm a trustworthy public official or an honest individual.

"Will Rogers believed with all his being that the confidence of his fellow men entailed great responsibilities, and as his influence grew among the people of America, when his spoken and written word had more weight than those of any other individual in the nation, he carefully measured his utterances and felt a great humility imposed by the trust he had been given.

"To Will Rogers was given the great gift of charity without ostentation. His deeds of kindness were performed quietly and without show. His generosity is traditional, yet the world rarely heard of his gifts. He gave freely of his earthly goods but, most important of all, he gave equally of himself. During his lifetime, when emergency swept the nation, when there was need of a steady voice and a firm example, he was to be counted on to the limit of his strength and abilities.

"Lastly, to him was granted the God-given franchise of good humor; the ineffable genius for making people laugh. With one lightning shaft he could demphasize a national bugaboo or deflate a demagogue bloated with his own boastfulness, and with the same magic touch he could give hope to those needing hope and faith to those who felt themselves outdistanced in the race for success and recognition.

"Had Will Rogers been spared to this testing time in the life of the United States, he would have given us inspiration and courage to face whatever hides behind the mists of the future. He would, I am sure, have adjured us to cling to those things fundamentally

(Continued on page 55)

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 22)

by us. I'll not soon forget that unhappy time when he was taken to the hospital from which he never returned.

And so, I miss a friend, a companion and one of the finest little dogs I've ever known.

No animal is more brave and philosophic in sickness than the dog. It will often suffer for days, yes, weeks, before the symptoms of some illnesses become noticeable. When this does happen, the medical treatment frequently comes too late.

Fortunately, many of the more common complaints can be detected and corrected in time by the observant owner who gives his or her dog the regular care and examination all dogs deserve. Yes, Fido is the better off for an occasional check-up. Not only from the standpoint of his health but for his comfort too.

Suppose we start now and go over your dog. Shall we? All right, let's give him or her a once-over from hocks to whiskers.



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject". This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common

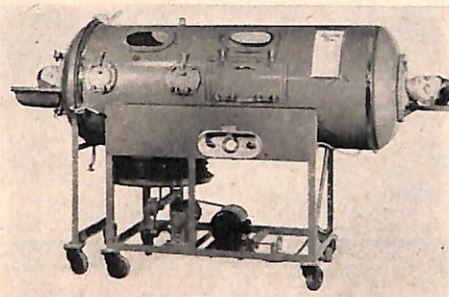
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We'll begin with the mouth, which to the dog is one of the most, if not the most important part of its body. It's the only lifting, grasping tool he has and with it he must do most of the things that you or I do with our hands. First we'll look at the teeth—there should be, as in all dogs, 42 of these—22 lower—20 upper. If there is any tartar on them this should be scraped off with a dull knife—very dull. The dog should have its own toothbrush, and food particles should be cleaned out from between the teeth. You can get a suitable brush at any five-and-dime store but be sure the bristles are *very soft*. Any good tooth paste can be used, or the brush dipped in milk of magnesia. Brush gently both teeth and gums. I might add here that more often than not decayed food particles are responsible for bad teeth and breath. Unless it is a Chow, your dog's gums should be firm, and both gums and tongue a healthy pink. For the Chow, the color should be black. One of the best ways to keep a dog's teeth clean and gums in good condition is to add hard dog biscuits to its regular diet.

Next in importance to your pet is his nose. The most usual complaint here is a tiny, red, worm-like insect that takes resident in Fido's schnozzle. This can be a darned nuisance to the dog, as you can well imagine. If he paws at his nose and does an undue amount of head-shaking, visit your vet as he is the only one who can correctly call the turn. Don't place too much reliance on the cold, wet nose test. A dog with the beginning of almost any kind of canine heebie jeebies may still retain a chilly wet beak. But on the other hand, it is by no means an infallible sign of sickness if the nose becomes warm and dry and stays that way for a day or so. It is only the prolonged hot and dry nose that indicates something is wrong. You see, part of your dog's respiratory system is his nose and the moisture you feel there is his perspiration—or part of it. Like any other warm-blooded animal when he ceases to perspire for long it's a bad thing for him and a sign of trouble.

Now for the eyes. Here is something I emphasize almost every time I talk or write about our four-legged friend—DON'T encourage your dog to tangle with a cat. Tom or Tabby can be mean citizens and they've raked the eyes out of more than one pooch.

For cuts or ordinary sore eyes one of the best eye washes I've ever used—and darned good for humans, too—is made by adding two teaspoonfuls of boric acid to a pint of boiling water. When this cools, stir in a half teaspoonful of spirits of camphor. It's not to be used until thoroughly cool. Apply with a small sponge or a soft rag, wiped gently. For any more serious tears or cuts, call in your vet. If you suspect cataract, and you'll notice this first by the dog's blundering into objects, examine the eyes carefully. If one or both eyes are mottled with brown-blue or grey-

ish flakes or streaks you'd better have the dog examined. It's a condition that can affect both young and old dogs, but is more prevalent among the latter. An operation performed by a skilled veterinarian is usually successful.

Before leaving the subject of eyes, I'd like to advise against permitting a dog to lean out of a moving automobile. I know, it looks cute, but it's a swell way to put Fido's glimmers in jeopardy from dust and other foreign objects.

While making our check-up—and this should be done once a month; it only takes a few minutes—look at the dog's feet. Examine the pads, and if they're cracked or sore, rub vaseline well into them. See that nothing has lodged itself between the pads or toes, and if the nails are overly long they should be filed or clipped. An ingrown nail can be a mighty painful thing, as you'll know if you've ever had one. For filing or clipping there are two excellent and inexpensive instruments made especially for His Nib's tootsies and, if you're interested and will drop me a line, I'll tell you where you can buy them.

In our inspection the dog's coat gets close attention; it's the only wardrobe he has, his only protection against the elements. The coat of the healthy chap should glisten. In fact, the coat is often an excellent barometer of Fido's health. When it becomes dry and harsh and "staring", that is, stands off from the body in a ragged way, that pooch is unwell. The coat should be brushed and combed every day. It's the sure way to keep it in condition and thus have the dog looking neat and tidy. But don't use a comb with teeth that are too fine or too sharp. If they are the latter, file the points down to blunt them, otherwise you'll rake his skin. For the dog that persistently sheds but is in all other respects normal and healthy, this daily grooming is the only answer. Stand your pet on a few sheets of newspaper to catch the combings, and let me advise you never to comb a dog's coat while it is wet. The only exception to this is for Yorkshire terriers whose coats are always combed while wet. But then these are comparatively rare, so it's unlikely that you have one.

With Old Man Summer just around the corner, I might as well hand out this warning—don't have your dog's coat clipped short when the thermometer starts to climb. The long coat is the dog's best protection in keeping an even body temperature. Contrary to uninformed belief, many short-coated dogs suffer to the point of heat prostration when the dog days roll around.

Again on the subject of shedding, if this becomes excessive, try changing your friend's diet and give him a teaspoonful of milk of magnesia once or twice a week.

Another thing—don't think you are helping your dog by dunking him a lot during hot weather or any

other kind of weather. In the first place, he doesn't perspire through his skin but by way of the tongue to a greater extent, and through his foot pads and nose to a lesser degree. Frequent bathing robs the skin of essential oils and thus results in a harsh, dry and brittle coat which just ain't no good for him. If your Fido has that kind of coat, rub vaseline, mineral or olive oil into it right down to his skin before you begin to brush him.

Give a look-see to the skin. If there's any rash, watch this closely, and if it increases then you'd best take steps to correct this condition. It may only be due to some dietetic disturbance and then again it might be the forerunner of a serious skin ailment—mange, eczema, etc. The base of his tail, his stomach and insides of legs should be examined as these are usually the first places affected.

This too comes under the heading of inspection: a weekly overhauling of his bedding. This should be thoroughly aired and examined for parasites. The best of all bedding is cedar shavings stuffed into an old pillow case and, when the weather gets really warm, a few thicknesses of newspaper are better than anything.



Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 53)

American and fight to the last breath for those priceless freedoms that other Americans in other times fought to acquire and preserve. He would have stood undismayed in the midst of tumult and pointed the way to courage and fortitude. Yet in his absence we can well remember the example set by this great man who viewed his life and times through calm, fearless eyes, and gave to people and events only that importance they merited."

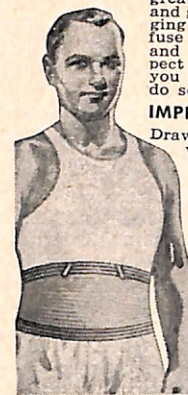
At the conclusion of his address, Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland unveiled the plaque.

On Sunday night the Grand Exalted Ruler returned to El Reno as the guest of Mr. McLean. The next day was spent in visiting places of interest in Oklahoma City. The Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Treasurer then returned to El Reno for a five p.m. conference in the lodge home with District Deputies, Exalted Rulers and officers of the lodges of Oklahoma, West. D.D. Theo. R. Graves participated in the conference which was followed by a banquet tendered the Grand Exalted Ruler, the visiting Elks and their ladies, attended by more than three hundred guests. Judge B. B. Barefoot, of Oklahoma City Lodge, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, Mr. McLean and State President Perry were present. The fortieth anniversary of El Reno Lodge was celebrated that evening. After the invocation had been given by Judge Barefoot, several selections were rendered by the lodge's famous glee club. The address of welcome was given by E.R. Robert M. Mallonee.

In the matter of parasites these are sometimes hard to detect but you'll know when your dog has them by his continued scratching. For these, of course, there are a number of good remedies on the market. For the free-running dog, particularly in the South, ticks are one of the commonest curses. These unwanted boarders burrow into the pooch's hide and their presence is only noticed by the average person after the ticks have gorged themselves and become so swollen with the dog's blood that it is almost impossible to overlook them. To remove them is a tedious job that has to be done by hand. They should be yanked out with a quick, firm tug and it helps the more if a few drops of chloroform is applied where the head of the tick enters the dog's skin. Head and all must be removed, otherwise, if the former remains in the skin, it can cause an ugly sore.

All the foregoing, as I've said, should be a monthly routine and I wouldn't be surprised if it is on the part of some who really are fond of their pets. But it's not too far-fetched to suggest that your dog also be given an annual going-over by your vet. The cost is so little compared with the devotion and loyalty that a good dog gives to its master.

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portance of universal preparation to meet the serious situation with which the nation is confronted.

The Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Chicago, Ill., on January 30, where he spent the afternoon in conference with Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters. He also held a conference with E.R. Judge Joseph Burke and a delegation of members of Chicago Lodge No. 4.

The next morning Judge McClelland was met by E.R. Dr. W. C. Finn, of Fond du Lac, Wis., Lodge, No. 57, who accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Secretary to Fond du Lac. En route the party was joined by many distinguished Wisconsin Elks, including D.D.'s William F. Ehmann, of Madison Lodge, A. V. Delmore, Two Rivers, and Fred Schroeder, Wausau; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Charles E. Broughton, Sheboygan; Pres. C. O. Fillinger, Marinette, Treas. William H. Otto, Racine, and Trustee A. J. Geniesse, Green Bay, of the Wis. State Elks Assn.; Past Pres. Frank T. Lynde, Antigo, and E.R.'s Harry F. Peck, Milwaukee, V. W. Dittmann, Kenosha, and Robert Konsin, Racine. At Milwaukee, the party was joined by

the famous marching club, the Plugs of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46. At Fond du Lac, a large delegation of local members met the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party at the station, and a colorful parade proceeded to the beautiful home of Fond du Lac Lodge where a luncheon was given by the lodge in honor of the distinguished visitors, followed by a special meeting. The State championship team of Appleton Lodge No. 337 gave an impressive exemplification of the Ritual in the initiation of a class of thirty-three candidates, and Grand Secretary Masters addressed the newly initiated members. In addition to those mentioned above, Past State Pres.'s H. H. Dodd and R. W. Mills of Fond du Lac, Raymond C. Dwyer, La Crosse, J. W. Selbach, Eau Claire, and Thomas F. McDonald, Marshfield, State Secy. Lou Uecker, Two Rivers, and State Trustee John F. Kettenhofen, Green Bay, attended the meeting. After the ceremonies the lodge entertained the visitors.

At seven p. m., a testimonial banquet was held in the Retlaw Hotel ballroom, at which Judge McClelland was the principal speaker. Five hundred and

fifty members, representing all of the thirty-seven lodges of the Order in the State of Wisconsin, attended. Bert A. Thompson, of Kenosha Lodge, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, was among the distinguished members of the Grand Exalted Ruler's party seated at the speakers' table. The Invocation was given by State Chaplain the Reverend Father Henry Halinde, of Green Bay Lodge, and the welcoming address by Exalted Ruler W. C. Finn, Fond du Lac. Judge McClelland was introduced by the Toastmaster, Judge Clayton F. Van Pelt, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 57 and a former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum. The Fond du Lac Elks male chorus took part in an entertaining program. Presentation of a beautiful brief case to the Grand Exalted Ruler from the host lodge was made by P. E.R. W. J. Nuss, and a gift from Kaukauna, Wis., Lodge, No. 962, was presented by Secy. Leo H. Schmalz. Mayor Leo Promen spoke briefly. An elaborate floor show was put on at the lodge home later, with the La Crosse Elks Orchestra participating in the program.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 34)

Portsmouth, N. H., Lodge Stages A Successful Four-Point Program

Portsmouth, N. H., Lodge, No. 97, staged a four-point program on January 11, opening with a regular meeting in the newly decorated lodge room. Adjournment was then made to the Rockingham Hotel where a fine dinner was served for the members and the many distinguished visiting Elks from the neighboring States of Maine and Massachusetts.

The program was continued in the lodge room. Past Exalted Ruler Charles T. Durell presented a check for final payment on the lodge's subscription to the Elks National Foundation which was accepted by the Chairman of the Foundation Trustees, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge. Announcement was made of the purchase for Portsmouth Lodge of U. S. defense bonds by Past Exalted Ruler Andrew O. Caswell. The ceremonies were concluded with the burning of the mortgage on the lodge home by Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Downs and the delivering of inspiring addresses by Mr. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum.

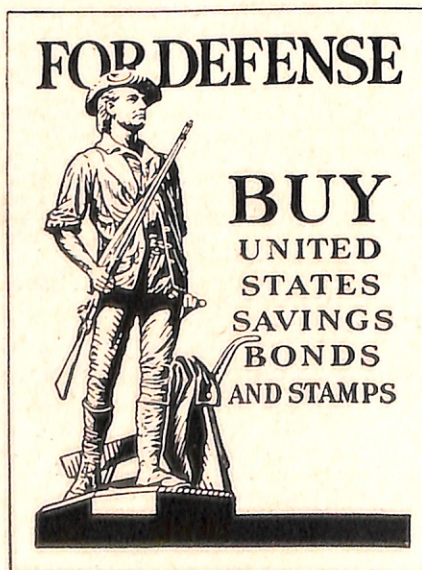
During the day, Frank Wahl, a member of No. 97, and his staff from the Portsmouth Hospital typed the blood of thirty-six members of the lodge to augment the list of blood donors available to the public in the event of either a local or a national emergency.

Lakeland, Fla., Lodge Burns the Mortgage on Its Beautiful Home

Climaxing twenty-five years of effort, Lakeland, Fla., Lodge, No. 1291, burned the mortgage on its \$50,000 home at a special meeting. The impressive program, held on Past Exalted Rulers Night, began with a buffet supper served in the recreation rooms at six p. m. for members, their wives and guests. K. B. Loftus, George H. Cole, J. V. Segale, Guy V. Arendell and William S. Whitlock were members of the Committee in Charge of Arrangements.

At eight o'clock the lodge went into session with Past Exalted Rulers occupying the Chairs. G. Frank Bullard, Past Exalted Ruler and life member of Tampa, Fla., Lodge, gave the principal address, taking for his subject "The Definition of an Elk's Card". All of the active Past Exalted Rulers of Lakeland Lodge were present except three, one of whom, William A. Wolfe, had left the day before for service in the United States Army. At the conclusion of the meeting, Exalted Ruler Lon D. Oxford held the mortgage and William Steitz, veteran Secretary of the lodge, applied the match. The ceremonies were followed by a dance.

The three-story building is of brick construction and colonial design. With its massive pillars and waving palm trees, the beauty of the home is enhanced by its tropical setting. It is situated in the heart of the downtown section, overlooking Lake Mirror and Lakeland's million-dollar civic center.



Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge Is Active in Many Departments

A remodeling plan was adopted by Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge, No. 889, some months ago and many improvements have already been made. New chrome furniture for the entire second floor has been purchased and new floor coverings have been spread throughout the building except in the dining room which has been laid in nine-inch-square fireproof tile.

Visiting Elks are invited to inspect the lodge home. They will be given a hearty welcome.

The lodge's defense work is admirable. Success has attended its "Keep 'Em Flying" program and month-to-month purchase of defense bonds. In less than two months, seven \$100 bonds were bought. To all members who are serving in the United States armed forces are sent postcards, their favorite smokes and other gifts, and the lodge has voted to remit their payment of dues for the duration of the war.

For Past Exalted Rulers Night, a nice class was initiated, with former officers of the lodge in charge of the ritualistic ceremonies which were splendidly performed.

Unique Feature Marks Initiation At Tacoma, Washington, Lodge

Among the 39 candidates initiated into Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174, on January 15, were John H. Carlaw, Morris Carlaw and John R. Heaton, representing three generations of the same family. They were proposed for membership by Frank Murtough, son-in-law of John Carlaw.

Sons have brought in applications of fathers and frequently fathers have proposed their sons for membership, but never before in the history of Tacoma Lodge had representatives of three generations of one family been presented for initiation at one time. An event of this kind is significant of the fact that the precepts of the Order and the fellowship enjoyed by all of its members appeal alike to men of all ages.

Defense Savings Pay-Roll Allotment Plan

Now company heads can help their country, their employees, and themselves

voluntary pay-roll allotment plan { helps workers provide for the future
helps build future buying power
helps defend America today

This is no charity plea. It is a sound business proposition that vitally concerns the present and future welfare of your company, your employees, and yourself.

During the post-war period of readjustment, you may be faced with the unpleasant necessity of turning employees out into a confused and cheerless world. But you, as an employer, can do something *now* to help shape the destinies of your people. Scores of business heads have adopted the Voluntary Pay-roll Allotment Plan as a simple and easy way for every worker in the land to start a *systematic* and *continuous* Defense Bond savings program.

Many benefits . . . present and future. It is more than a sensible step toward reducing the ranks of the post-war needy. It will help spread financial participation in National Defense among all of America's wage earners.

The widespread use of this plan will materially retard inflation. It will "store" part of our pyramiding national income that would otherwise be spent as fast as it's earned, increasing the demand for our diminishing supply of consumer goods.

And don't overlook the immediate benefit . . . money for defense materials, quickly, continuously, *willingly*.

Let's do it the American way! America's talent for working out emergency problems, democratically, is being tested today. As always, we will work it out, without pressure or coercion . . . in that old American way; each businessman strengthening his *own* house; not waiting for his neighbor to do it. That custom has, throughout history, enabled America to get things done *of its own free will*.

In emergencies, America doesn't do things "hit-or-miss." We would get there *eventually* if we just left it to everybody's whim to buy Defense Bonds when they thought of it. But we're a nation of businessmen who understand that the way to get a thing done is to *systematize* the operation. That is why so many employers are getting back of this Voluntary Savings Plan.

Like most efficient systems, it is amazingly simple. All you have to do is offer your employees the convenience of having a fixed sum allotted, from each pay envelope, to the purchase of Defense Bonds. The employer holds these funds in a separate bank account, and delivers a Bond to the employee each time his allotments accumulate to a sufficient amount.

Each employee who chooses to start this savings plan decides for himself the denomination of the Bonds to be purchased and the amount to be allotted from his wages each pay day.

How big does a company have to be? From three employees on up. Size has nothing to do with it. It works equally well in stores, schools, publishing houses, factories, or banks. This whole idea of pay-roll allotment has been evolved by businessmen in cooperation with the Treasury Department. Each organization adopts its own simple, efficient application of the idea in accordance with the needs of its own set-up.

No chore at all. The system is so simple that A. T. & T. uses exactly the same easy card system that is being used by hundreds of companies having fewer than 25 employees! It is simple enough to be handled by a check-mark on a card each pay day.

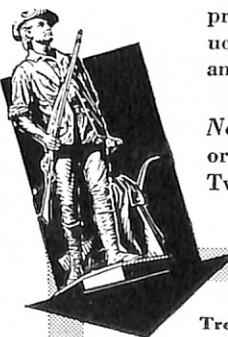
Plenty of help available. Although this is *your* plan when you put it into effect, the Treasury Department is ready and willing to give you all kinds of help. Local civilian committees in 48 States are set up to have experienced men work with you just as much as you want them to, and no more.

Truly, about all *you* have to do is to indicate your willingness to get your organization started. We will supply most of the necessary material, and no end of help.

The first step is to take a closer look. Sending in the coupon in no way obligates you to install the Plan. It will simply give you a chance to scrutinize the available material and see what other companies are already doing. It will bring you samples of literature explaining the benefits to employees and describing the various denominations of Defense Savings Bonds that can be purchased through the Plan.

Sending the coupon does nothing more than signify that you are anxious to do *something* to help keep your people off relief when defense production sloughs off; *something* to enable *all* wage earners to participate in financing Defense; *something* to provide tomorrow's buying power for your products; *something* to get money *right now* for guns and tanks and planes and ships.

France left it to "hit-or-miss" . . . and *missed*. Now is the time for *you* to act! Mail the coupon or write Treasury Department, Section A, 709 Twelfth St. NW., Washington, D. C.



FREE - NO OBLIGATION

Treasury Department, Section A,
709 Twelfth St. NW., Washington, D. C.

Please send me the free kit of material being used by companies that have installed the Voluntary Defense Savings Pay-Roll Allotment Plan.

Name _____

Position _____

Company _____

Address _____

¹/_{30,000} OF A SECOND!

It takes high-speed photography to "stop" Dorothy Lewis's flashing blades, but it's easy to see her preference for Camels



FASTER than the blink of any human eye, the amazing stroboscopic camera catches film star Dorothy Lewis in one of her brilliant routines on the ice of the Iridium Room in New York's Hotel St. Regis.



DOROTHY LEWIS studied ballet from the age of 4, and almost all her routines combine the deft artistry of the toe-dancer with the fluid speed of the skater. Her cigarette combines extra mildness and flavor in a costlier tobacco blend that has never been duplicated. She smokes Camels exclusively.

THIS REMARKABLE leap above was first worked out in ballet slippers—in the same way Miss Lewis works out all her routines. Many's the Camel she smokes as she relaxes. Miss Lewis says: "I've found Camels milder by far."



"NOT ONLY are Camels milder," says Miss Lewis, "but they always taste so good. No matter how much I smoke, Camels never wear out their welcome. Smoking wouldn't be half the fun without Camel's full, rich flavor."

"CAMELS HAVE THE MILDNESS THAT COUNTS WITH ME—LESS NICOTINE IN THE SMOKE"

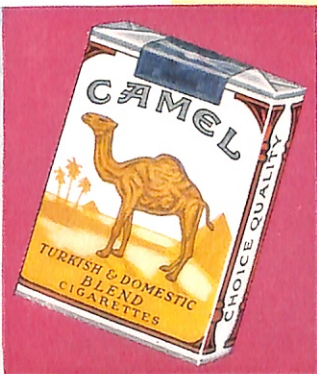


"THE MORE I SMOKE, the more I appreciate Camels," says Miss Lewis at a late supper with friends at the St. Regis. "Their cool, rich flavor is all the more enjoyable because Camels are so mild—with less nicotine in the smoke." You, yourself, try Camels. You'll like that grand flavor—and you'll like knowing that there's less nicotine in the smoke (*see below*).

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

**5 EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!**



The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

Camel

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS